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SLOWLY the truth comes out: it is idle to talk of victors; all mankind lost the war and the peace; if the present policies continue "we'll all go to hell together." The latest American to enunciate this truth is Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, and of the State Chamber of Commerce. The particular prophecy we have quoted he attributes to a prominent German. It is evidently his own opinion for he declares: "I think the relationships of the principal nations toward one another are worse now than they were before the war." He is sympathetic toward French fears but condemns utterly France's German policy and its consequence. Financial conditions are chaotic, "the soaring of the dollar is telling against us." One opinion is particularly interesting:

> I confess that as I looked up at Old Glory waving above Ehrenbreitstein I said to myself that it had no business there, yet without the slightest doubt if we withdraw from the Rhine we shall be laying Europe open to new dangers. Our presence at Coblenz has a most restraining and mollifying effect and our departure will be at once felt.

Such opinions make it evident how futile it is to talk of disarmament unless there is first a spiritual disarmament and a repudiation of the pathetic illusions which made the last war possible.

PRESIDENT DE VALERA is to be congratulated on the diplomacy, at once straightforward and brilliant, by which he has vindicated his desire for peace and friendship with Britain without compromising in advance of conference a single one of Ireland's national demands. To Mr. Lloyd George also must go credit for statesmanship above the ordinary in bringing about a new conference between English and Irish delegates. It is perfectly true that economic interest alone made it clearly the part of wisdom not to renew the Irish war at this particular juncture. Such action would have made very improbable any of those financial adjustments which Mr. Winston Churchill's recent speech shows that Britain earnestly desires and hopes to further through the Washington conference. But it takes statesmanship to hold firm to a course which arouses such bitter antagonism as the Tory press and perhaps some of Mr. George's own colleagues feel toward the "national humiliation" involved in the spectacle of the "mighty British empire" treating with "Sinn Fein rebels" as with equals. We doubt if any American statesman in the same circumstances would have agreed to so astonishing a course whatever enlightened self-interest might dictate. The new Anglo-Irish conference faces plenty of difficulties. Its personnel on the British side does not inspire confidence. There is as yet no sign that Mr. George will try to undo the harm he and his predecessors have done by trying to play Ulster off against the rest of Ireland. The Irish and English delegates have little in common save their desire for peace. Yet the reasonableness that both sides have displayed in weathering the crisis of the preliminary negotiations may yet surmount all obstacles. The success of their labors is an essential to world peace.

MR. BORAH'S speech in the Senate on September 26 in opposition to the treaty with Germany was great in its logic, its eloquence, and its moral passion. It was most inadequately reported by the press. He declared that he would vote for the treaty if anyone "authorized to speak for the Administration will declare that there is no intention to join the Reparation Commission." This assurance he did not expect because of the extreme anxiety of the Administration to collect all possible claims against Germany which, because of Germany's obligations under the Treaty of Versailles, seems to require American membership in the Reparation Commission. The Reparation Commission "is a receivership for three nations in the heart of Europe." It is one of the worst features of the Treaty of Versailles, a treaty so bad that Mr. Borah doubts if Mr. Wilson himself would have agreed to it unless he had thought, mistakenly, that it could be modified by the League of Nations. Stripped of the League, the treaty was built upon force. "Its moving power is that of the devastation of subject peoples," and into that devastation we shall be drawn if our desire to press certain claims leads us into the councils of the nations who control the Reparation Commission. With what Mr. Borah said we are in entire agreement. But, especially since the German ratification of the new treaty, nothing

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better can be hoped. At least it does not tie us up so closely to the iniquities of the Versailles treaty as ratification of that pact itself. As the German Government informed the Reichstag, the German-American treaty is really only a preliminary document and the nature of our relations is still in no small degree open to determination. It is not yet too late to bring pressure on the Administration to withdraw from even our present partial membership in the Reparation Commission and so avoid strengthening the power of a body whose continuance is a standing invitation to new war.

CHANCELLOR WIRTH has prepared fifteen new tax bills to aid Germany to meet her reparations obligations. He proposes to double the yield in marks of the tax on coal; the sales tax on all business transactions and the income taxes are to be increased; the capital levy of 1½ per cent of all property is to be made a regular triennial affair; a further levy is to be made on all increases of wealth; and he even plans virtually confiscatory laws by which the Government would acquire one-fifth of all new stock issues and a one-fifth interest-bearing mortgage on the gold value of all real property. With all this he hopes to obtain a return sufficient to pay the sums recurrently due the Allies. But such high taxes—or even the prospect of them—combine with other factors to crumble German exchange. Mark exchange dropped 29 per cent in September alone. That meant that every mark collected in taxes lost one-quarter of its value for reparations payment. It also meant, by virtue of the same fact, that the currency mark was losing its value as expressed in goods, that taxpayers whose real values remained unchanged were to a certain extent relieved. It is possible that this catastrophic fall in the mark was in part artificially stimulated by such taxpayers; but in larger part it is the inevitable result of relentless pressure for reparations. Wirth may or may not weather the present crisis; his tax proposals may be accepted with or without modification or be rejected, but the problem will continue. So long as it continues, the tendency in Germany will still be to turn to one or the other of two desperate extremes: bolshevism or nationalist reaction and war.

BIG business got most of whatever relief there was in the tax bill that passed the House. But against the House bill, or rather Mr. Penrose's revision of it, not only the Democratic minority in the Senate but the bipartisan agricultural *bloc* is up in arms. And popular backing to this opposition is increasing. On three points in this complex tangle we wish to insist: (1) No genuine reduction in taxation is possible if the *Searchlight* is right in its figures which show that the Administration's boasted savings are illusory or worse; (2) intelligent tax revision depends upon some such scientific and socially enlightened study as Mr. J. A. Hobson has made in his "Taxation and the New State," and this fundamental task no important American group has undertaken; (3) the sales tax which is persistently advocated is outrageously unjust in its incidence and likely to postpone any trade revival. The most immediately promising proposal which has thus far emerged in Congress is that of Senators Simmons, Gerry, and Walsh (Massachusetts), Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee, for lessening the burden on smaller incomes. They urge that the tax on incomes of $5,000 or less be reduced from 4 to 2 per cent; to 4 from 8 per cent on incomes between $5,000 and $10,000; to 6 per cent on incomes from $10,000 to $15,000 on the excess over $10,000. The reduction of surtaxes, which the Republicans propose, helps persons with incomes above $66,000. And they add insult to injury by solemnly telling us that this is the way to prosperity!

RAILWAY finances are looking up. Reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission from 192 Class I railroads showed a net operating income of $68,000,000 for July as compared with a deficit of $11,452,000 in July, 1920. More recently the New York Central has reported a gain of about a half million dollars in August as compared with the preceding month. Mr. Ford has made his little road pay so well that he asked permission to reduce freight rates, which permission the Interstate Commerce Commission refused in all cases but one. More freight was loaded by the country's railroads in the week ending September 17 than in any week since December 4, 1920. Granting that it takes more than one fairly good week to make prosperity and that the case of Mr. Ford's road is not typical, it would still appear that the railroads might help themselves and the country if they would put into more efficient management some of the energy they expend on propaganda for further wage reductions and for immediate passage of the Administration's funding bill giving them some $500,000,000 in cold cash.

FURTHER wage cuts will be a dubious aid to the railroads. It is somewhat ominous that those already made have brought the workers to voting for a strike which their leaders are struggling hard to prevent. For the railway funding bill two arguments are advanced; first that it is just in itself, and second that it is imperative to prevent disaster. We should be more confident of the first point if some of the railroads' propagandists would answer Mr. William G. McAdoo's devastating analysis of the pending bill. He thus concludes his argument:

> Stripped of confusing non-essentials, what is now proposed is that the Government shall wait ten years for $763,000,000 the railroads owe it for betterments and improvements, and shall pay immediately $500,000,000 to the railroads on account of claims for alleged under-maintenance, etc., taking from the 180 or more railroads involved, with their varying degrees of financial responsibility, such securities as they may be able to provide—securities which in many instances may not be adequate to protect the Government against loss. This is not a question of "legal and moral obligation" on the part of the United States to lend the railroads $500,000,000 more for ten years. It is a question of policy, and should be considered from that standpoint only.

Such a measure is not just; if it is necessary to avert panic it dramatically calls attention to the fundamental unsoundness of the railway situation. It is intolerable that privately owned corporations should be a continual drain on the public treasury. It will take more than the Interstate Commerce Commission's tentative consolidation of the roads into nineteen systems—good though this may be—to cure the mortal illness of railway reorganization as achieved under the Esch-Cummins Act.

TWO men stand out above the little diplomats who have plied their trade at the session of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. One is Lord Robert Cecil, scorned by his native England but honored the more as South African delegate in the Assembly. The other is Fridtjof Nansen, the tall weather-beaten Norse

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explorer. His latter-day concerns, first for repatriation of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners who were left two years after the armistice in prison camps in Germany or adrift in Russia, and now for food for the famine sufferers, have put his name at the very top of the all too scant roll of honor of these post-war years. Lord Robert's impassioned insistence that the League do something about disarmament and do it now may not win him the good graces of the professional diplomats, but his loud appeal to the conscience of the world will do infinitely more to prepare the world for forward steps than Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's labored argument that it is not yet prepared for them.

NEW YORKERS are learning that it takes more than rent laws to build houses. According to briefs prepared by city officials October 1, "moving day," found a housing shortage of 69,797 apartments which is 16,996 in excess of the figures for the preceding year. Building costs, according to the New York *World*, have been cut in half since May, 1920, and this fact added to the stimulus given to speculative building by the law exempting houses from taxation for a period of years has resulted in the filing of plans for "homes for 37,750 families" in the metropolitan district during the current year. Parallel with the housing shortage is the interesting fact that many high-class apartments, owing to the exorbitant rents and hard times, stand vacant. Meanwhile landlords and tenants are still telling their troubles to the judge, and the municipal courts are crowded with 100,000 rent cases. Mr. Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the Lockwood Committee, threatens to carry to a higher court a decision giving landlords a right to 10 per cent net income on the value of their property. He points out that many landlords have actually invested very little in their properties which are plastered with mortgages on which they do not pay and therefore ought not to collect 10 per cent from their tenants. This wholesome inquiry into the equities of landlordism may some day get down to the fundamental question: Is it socially just that private individuals should receive the economic rent from land whose value they do not create?

THE Unemployment Conference, having survived the astounding banalities of the Presidential address which opened it, and the effort of some employers to use it as a club to force down wages, is doing about as well as could be expected. If it really succeeds in its commendable attempt to stimulate buying by forcing manufacturers, middlemen, and merchants to accept lower profits, it will have done better than could have been expected. We shall save our applause for the result. As for the suggestion that whole-time jobs be divided into part-time jobs for more men, it should be noted that labor has always been far more generous about that sort of thing than employers who might be asked to share their contracts with competitors. There are, however, limits to what is possible in the division of jobs. The other suggestions as to pushing along public and private work are good as far as they go. So far the conference has not discussed unemployment insurance or immediate relief. It has turned the hardest part of the problem over to the mayors of the cities. It reduced the estimate on the number of the unemployed to 3,700,000, with 5,500,000 as a possible maximum and complacently classified about 1,500,000 as normally unemployed. But these men are also normally hungry, and the existence in America of this huge reservoir of the unemployed is most discreditable. A table presented by Mr. Ernest Greenwood, American representative on the International Labor Organization of the League of Nations, shows that in December, 1920, the State of Massachusetts had 29.2 per cent unemployed as against 4.1 per cent in Germany and approximately 6 per cent in the United Kingdom.

NO better work can be undertaken by the American Legion than its promised effort to get jobs for unemployed ex-service men and to give temporary relief to those in distress. The report of its committee that 900,000 ex-service men, 21 per cent of the total, are out of work is startling at first thought but explainable when one considers that the forces which America mobilized for the European War consisted chiefly of young men not yet well established in the country's industrial life. Some of these men undoubtedly owe their unemployment to their military service, but the greater number would be in the same position had they not been mobilized. None the less the situation is tragic, and the American Legion posts are in a particularly good position to sift the cases of jobless ex-service men and give assistance without undue publicity.

THE death of Engelbert Humperdinck invokes a certain feeling of personal loss seldom aroused by those unknown to us, for it means the passing of the composer of "Haensel and Gretel." This alone is an epitaph of which any musician might feel proud. It matters not that he wrote much before and after this opera that did not live, for, after all, he accomplished what few have been able to do, and that is, to concentrate in a single work all that was fine and tender and young and joyous within himself and to express it with such vividness and charm, such a sureness of touch, that it came forth a perfect thing of its kind. Biographers have always attributed part of the phenomenal success of "Haensel and Gretel" to the refreshing contrast it afforded to both the blood-and-thunder realism of the Mascagni school and the dreary bombast of the Wagner imitators. However true this may be, there is every reason to believe that "Haensel and Gretel" would have had an equal success in any era, not only because of the direct antithesis of its folk-tune style to the sophisticated absurdities, musical and dramatic, which have always been perpetrated in the name of opera, but also because of its instantaneous appeal to the child that is in each one of us. For Humperdinck embodied in his music all the wonder and enchantment of Grimm's fascinating story. Eugene Field once wrote that he judged a man by whether he reserved a shelf in his library for fairy tales. From this standpoint, it speaks well for the world that Humperdinck's little fantasy has been so universally acclaimed.

THAT Pollyanna of the Trenches Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson has reviewed John Dos Passos's brilliant novel "Three Soldiers" for the New York *Times* to the tune of "Insulting the Army."

How doth the little Conings-Bee
Improve each shining hour!
He gathers honey from a book
And sweetly says it's sour.

It's gall, he says, remembering
That truth is never bitter;
And makes the parlor patriots
Agree, approve and titter.

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Municipal Ownership for New York

REMARKABLE reading is the report of the Transit Commission upon the transportation situation in New York and even more remarkable is its reception by the press of the city. To summarize this vexed and entangled situation in less than two newspaper pages and point a way out so simple, clear-cut, and constructive as to astound the wiseacres—these are notable achievements. But to deal the death blow to private and to competitive ownership of transportation lines in the foremost city in the land, to come out squarely for municipal ownership and to carry it off without anybody's shouting "bolshevism!" or "socialism!" is even more extraordinary. How rapidly the world does spin after all! Only two years ago anybody who proposed such a plan was at once dubbed a "Red." The advocates of the Plumb Plan for national ownership of the railroads of the country were denounced as bolsheviki and anarchists. Yet here is this Commission headed by Mr. George McAneny, fresh from some years in the stifling atmosphere of the New York *Times*, actually advocating for the metropolis a plan which in its essentials, municipal ownership and private operation, is on all fours with the Plumb proposal. Where the plans diverge the disadvantage lies with the McAneny scheme.

Of course, the opposition is not wholly silenced, particularly those who are trying to make capital out of the traction mess in the pending mayoralty campaign. But the burden of the fault-finding thus far is that it is all a wily scheme to unload looted and bankrupt transit lines upon the city. The craft being hopelessly wrecked, it is said, the rats are for leaving it, though making a handsome show of not really wishing to. But this theory overlooks the fact that the Transit Commission proposes to pay for the roads only on a just and honest valuation, that it demands the recapture of even the enormously valuable perpetual franchises and, what is even more interesting to investors, the squeezing out of at least $200,000,000 of watered capitalization. The transit companies, if they are wise, will accept these terms without delay, else they stand an excellent chance of losing most of what they have; but it is none the less a distasteful draught of which they will be compelled to drink deep. They will, of course, seek to save their faces by declaring that the collapse of private ownership was due solely to war conditions.

The Transit Commission has plainly foreseen this maneuver, for it declares that their existing plight "is attributable in no small degree to incidents of their own selfish and often unsavory history." Revenues that should have gone into reserves or better facilities have gone into huge dividends; "many millions of dollars . . . have thus been diverted from the purposes to which they morally belonged." Mild language, indeed, for the long-continued exploitation of the city, the building up of huge private fortunes at public expense, the incessant corruption of public manners and morals, the unceasing gambling on the Stock Exchange, and the inevitable fleecing of innocent investors! It was high time that somebody should write a period to this phase of New York's traction history.

Now we are quite aware that there are pitfalls in plenty ahead of the Commission, which has the power to go ahead with its plan even if the city officially objects to it. Everything will depend upon the correctness of the valuation. If that is not just and fair there will be a popular belief that the traction interests unloaded handsomely. But as to what is just and fair there can honestly be the widest divergence of opinion. It can only be said that the Commission which has made so brilliant a start and so clearly knows its own mind may for the present be given the benefit of the doubt.

We are today far more concerned with one shocking oversight—the failure to include labor representation in the boards of management. Mr. McAneny provides for four operating corporations—"A," "B," "C," and "D," of which "A" will be the "controlling and financial company and general supervisor of the affairs" of the other three. The directorate of "A" will also be a Board of Control, consisting of seven members chosen one each by the directorates of "B," "C," and "D," three by the Mayor, and the seventh by the other six. Not one word as to labor's stake in the enterprise! The same old blunder is made of shutting out from all managerial responsibility the workers upon whose fidelity and contentment depend the safety of the service and its prosperity. Apparently Mr. McAneny and his associates have deliberately turned their backs upon all the noteworthy experiments in cooperative management—it is impossible to believe that they are ignorant of them. True, in order to provide an incentive for efficient and economical management a certain sum of money is to be set aside out of earnings after all liabilities, fixed charges, etc., as a bonus fund for the operating personnel and certain bondholders. This is nothing but a sop; the bonus may not be earned for years through no fault of the working force. Even if it should be distributed from the beginning, we believe the employees will see that this would be of little value in contrast with the recognition of their right to share in managerial responsibility, in directing the property, and to present their viewpoint at all times in the Board of Control. It would require only a few words to alter the composition of the Board of Control to nine members; three representing the city, three labor, and three the stockholders. Labor should insist upon this with no loss of time. A board of nine so composed would represent all interests, and allay suspicion of special control as the Commission's plan can not.

As for other details of the plan—the elimination of all the existing companies, the fixing of a fare each year according to operating results, the unification of the system, genuine home rule by the city of its transit affairs, the acquiring of municipal ownership by retiring the purchase bonds out of revenues of operation, the making of vast economies through the elimination of the companies within companies and owners within owners, the reestablishment of transfers, the doing away with obsolete facilities, the devising of a great forward-looking transit plan with large annual outlays for new lines, the awarding of the short haul to the surface roads supplemented by the motor bus—we have only space this week to commend them most highly, subject always to the reservation that everything will depend upon the actual administration and working out of the program. Later on we shall recur to these matters, for New York's solution of its transit problem will profoundly affect every other American municipality. If New York turns to municipal ownership of traction lines the day of private ownership is gone everywhere in America.

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Our Declining Standard of Living

SOME of the employers at the Hoover-Harding Conference on Unemployment suggested that the way to reduce unemployment was to reduce wages. Russell F. Phelps, Director of Statistics of the Massachusetts Department of Labor, made this point of view very plain. Unemployment, he said, "is largely due to the fact that they cannot get jobs at the wages they demand. . . . There is a large element not yet reduced to the point where it must take reduced wages." He said, for instance, that the candy factories in Massachusetts had plenty of jobs for girls at from $12 to $14 a week; but the silly girls did not want to work at such wages.

Now this point of view is very common. Business men are very prone to blame the depression on "profiteering workingmen"; newspapers chorus with the New York *Herald* that "if labor will work for a fair wage . . . there will be no unemployment problem, industrial deadlock, and business stagnation." For the moment we do not intend to argue this point. It seems to be pretty effectually answered by the simple fact that unemployment crises have appeared with beautiful impartiality in periods of high and of low wages. We are more interested in the significance for America of this campaign to reduce the standard of living of the workers. For that, fundamentally, is what is aimed at by those who talk of reducing "inflated wage scales."

We Americans are rather proud of our "American standard of living." Living close to the frontier, in a country of tremendous natural wealth, expanding at a rate more rapid than the birth rate and influx of immigrants could match, and, until recently, with free land for those who wished it, we achieved in this country a general standard of living which, despite our terrific slums, was in fact higher than that of most European countries. But in recent years the country has filled up, there is no more free land, the rate of expansion has been retarded while the influx of Europeans has continued, and we have faced a decline in that high standard of living of which we were so proud. We have had little consciousness of the degree of that decline, but the vague sense of it was probably largely responsible for the country's acquiescence in the absurdly drafted laws restricting immigration which we have recently imposed upon ourselves and the world.

As a matter of fact the American standard of living has been declining since 1896—for the first decade so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, then, after the crisis of 1907, more rapidly, and in the early years of the war with almost catastrophic speed. The rises in wages forced by the workers during the fat years of 1918 and 1919 did not bring them back even to the pre-war standard. We make these statements with some positiveness, for they are based upon the careful study of Professor Paul Douglas, of the University of Chicago, and of Frances Lamberson, as published in the September number of the *American Economic Review*. This study continues the authoritative work of Dr. I. M. Rubinow before the war. It is a commonplace of political as of household economy that money wages give a fallacious criterion of real values. What matters is not the number of dollars in the weekly pay envelope, but the amount of rent those dollars will pay, or of coal, or potatoes, or shoes and shirts that they will buy. Comparing the trend of average full-time earnings in fifteen standard industries with the purchasing power of money as measured by the retail prices of food, these economists conclude that the real value of average wages had fallen about 6 per cent between 1896 and 1907, but that by 1913 the average worker was getting 17 per cent less real wages than in 1896, in 1916 22 per cent less, and in 1917—the amazing rise of prices occurring before the workers succeeded in forcing up wages at all—37 per cent. In other words in 1917 the standard of living of workers in the woolen, cotton, shoe, building, baking, stonecutting, printing, and machine-shop industries in the United States had fallen off one third between 1896 and 1917. The wage increases of 1918 boosted the level from 63 per cent of the 1896 standard to 67 per cent; and the increases in 1919 and in the early part of 1920 also may more than have kept pace with rising costs. At the high point, wages hardly returned to better than three-quarters of the 1896 level. And it should be noted that if these figures omit the munitions and shipbuilding industries, where wages undoubtedly did reach abnormally high levels, they also omit the great railroad and mining industries, where wages admittedly lagged behind the general rise in less nationally controlled industries. "Figures do not lie, but liars figure" is an old adage; but it behooves those who doubt these figures to do more than say that they "know better"; they must get down to brass tacks and study the basis of these Douglas-Lamberson figures; we suspect that they will have a hard time impugning them.

It is true that since the middle of 1920 there has been a fall in prices. The newspapers have widely advertised that fact. The banks have provided us with beguiling statistics to prove it. Wholesale commodity prices have collapsed—except in the case of trust-controlled commodities like oil and hard coal. Oil has fallen but a trifle and hard coal has steadily advanced and is still mounting. But the price of raw hides, for instance, is lower than in the years before the war; rubber, too, is at a bottom price. Yet the man in the street, who gazes anxiously into shopwindows and meditates upon the state of his soles, knows that shoes and rubbers are still twice the pre-war prices. He still sees the kind of shoes he used to buy at $3.50 advertised as "marked down to $7.50." The fall in retail prices has not kept pace at all with the fall in wholesale prices. Middlemen somewhere have been taking unwontedly fat profits and business men blame the "profiteering laborer." At their low point retail food prices had dropped 29 per cent from their peak, while wholesale prices had slumped 49 per cent.

The worker has benefited somewhat by this slight fall in retail food and clothing prices. But his rent has never dropped a tittle, and rents, like coal, are still going up. And now he finds food and clothing prices, too, starting up again. Food prices turned the corner in June according to the United States Department of Labor, and potatoes have just mounted 24 per cent, and eggs 13, in one month. The Irving National Bank's *Review of Business* reports that "the sharp rise in cotton continues to spread cheer in the thoughts of business men in many lines"—but to the workingman it merely connotes higher prices for clothing.

Is it any wonder then that the worker answers only with anger the plea to "be sensible and take lower wages"?

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Steel workers' wages have already been cut 40 per cent; New England textile wages 30 per cent or more; railway workers 12 per cent; garment workers in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere from 10 to 30 per cent. And still the game goes merrily on. Unemployment, regular or casual, adds in effect to the cutting of wages. Let those who advocate further reductions realize well what they are asking. They urge further debasing the standard of living which has been the foundation-stone of the superior efficiency of American workingmen. American workmen today are only three-quarters as well off as they were a quarter of a century ago. Further wage cuts—particularly if they come in this era of slowly rising prices—may indeed so reduce our standard as to cut off the immigration which many regard as a menace. But when we shall have removed the incentive to immigration the word America will have ceased to have special significance in the world. "America" will have become a mere geographical expression.

Mr. Hoover's Adventure Magnificent

MR. HOOVER'S agents are spreading their generous net of relief through Russia. Children are being fed in Moscow and in Petrograd, and the first thin stream of relief is pouring into the famine region. From the harbors of Riga and of Petrograd long trains are carrying precious food steadily Volga-wards. Feeding has begun in the district of Kazan. Provisions sufficient to give 180,000 children one meal a day for a month have already left the ports and are on their way inland. And these workers are learning something of soviet cooperation in matters of humanity. A surprised cable from the American Relief Administration in Russia reported from Petrograd:

> Steamer Goteborg unloaded in two days. The workmen showed excellent spirit and determination to unload in record time without pilfering. When the work was completed the workmen voluntarily searched each other and punished the only one having pilfered supplies in his possession.

Which, in a city of aching hunger, is a pretty good record. When the first A. R. A. relief train pulled out of Moscow, it carried soviet fats loaned by the Government, to be replaced by American fats which had been delayed. There is every indication that on both sides there is the most ample good-will and the most warm-hearted cooperation.

This was, of course, expected by those who knew. The outside world, misled or wilfully blind, had expected thieving, misappropriation, inefficiency, and ill-will. But the record of the Quakers and of the Nansen prisoners' relief organization was otherwise. The Quakers have long testified to the friendly cooperation of the soviet authorities. Nansen stood up on the floor of the League Assembly the other day and told the delegates that he had shipped in to Russia food and clothing for 85,000 prisoners of war—enemies of the Russians—at a time when half Russia was starving, and that the only goods which he had lost were stolen before they entered Russia. Nansen has been appealing to the governments associated in the League to help Russia by Government loans. He argued from his own experience that it was not even necessary to have numerous special agents and such an elaborate special agreement as Mr. Hoover has made. The Russian Government could be trusted to administer funds for relief honestly and efficiently. The official answer was, first to appoint a commission headed by that arch anti-bolshevist conspirator Noulens to *investigate*, and then to refer the matter to another commission for study. Naturally the bolsheviks refused to permit a Noulens commission to enter and roam about their country. Yet while governments hesitate, small groups in every country are raising what they can to help. Even Poland is raising money for relief, and the Polish Government has offered Mr. Hoover free transportation across Poland for his relief supplies destined for Russia.

The circumstances give Mr. Hoover's workers peculiar prominence and peculiar significance as bearers and interpreters of the good-will of the outside world, in particular of America. There have been doubts of Mr. Hoover; there have even been charges that he would use his relief as a political instrument. Mr. Hoover has stated very explicitly that the relief to be given in Russia has no political significance, will not be used for political ends, and must be kept free from any political taint. He has given strict orders to send back any worker who concerns himself with politics. Suspicion of Mr. Hoover was strengthened by his lieutenant, Mr. T. C. C. Gregory, who in a recent article described the overthrow of the Bela Kun regime in Hungary, attributing it to his own clever manipulations, and stating that his course was steered with Mr. Hoover's knowledge and consent. We understand that Mr. Hoover does not entirely agree with Captain Gregory's version of this story, and we had supposed that the refusal of its publishers to permit *Soviet Russia* to reprint from it meant that Captain Gregory had been rebuked, and that the article was being suppressed. But now, in the September number of the English *World's Work* we again meet the offensive article, in all its blatant naivete, but this time with an editorial foreword and with additions by Mr. Gregory. The foreword reads:

> Within the last few days we have seen the application in Russia of Mr. Hoover's famous doctrine that political and diplomatic ends may most easily be gained by the use of economic pressure. He has only agreed to assist in relieving the starvation of Russian millions in return for definite concessions on the part of the Soviet Government in favor of American prisoners in Russia, and the general favorable treatment of American nationals everywhere.

Mr. Gregory adds to his article these words:

> Within the last month he (Mr. Hoover) has again given evidence of clear vision and of the power of economic assistance in fighting anarchy. The bargain which he has concluded with the Soviet Government of Moscow in exchange for foodstuffs for starving Russians is an admirable example of the creed I have here sought to set forth.

If Mr. Hoover's creed in Russia were his creed in Hungary as set forth in Mr. Gregory's article he would use his food to overturn the Soviet Government, and he would disregard all the ordinary obligations of good faith in the process. We do not believe anything of the kind. It is our understanding that Mr. Hoover thoroughly realizes that the alternative to the Soviet Government is anarchy, and that he does not want it overturned. Such talk as Mr. Gregory's and that of the London *World's Work* should be stopped at once, and an end put to the suspicions to which they give rise. One man can do it: Herbert Hoover. We confidently expect a statement from him which will accomplish that result and put an end to the disharmonies and misunderstandings of the past.

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Ireland at Truce

By FRANK P. WALSH

THE place to begin any article on the Irish issue is with the heroic Irish people. For six years they have known the sorrows of a country occupied by enemy troops. For many of those years they have experienced guerrilla warfare in its worst forms and terrorism that has not spared women or children. "Every Irish woman," one of them said, "has thanked God for the end of each night and the coming of light." The marvelous relief of the people after the terrorism practiced under cover of night is made vivid to any visitor who sees the great crowds which gather every night in the cities and towns of Ireland. Roscommon, for example, is a badly lighted town, yet, even there, at 10 and 11 o'clock at night the streets are filled with people who rejoice in the liberty so long denied them by curfew laws and fear of Black and Tans. This is even more the case in Dublin. It would be absurd to believe that people who have suffered so much from war should not want peace.

At the same time it cannot be too strongly insisted that Ireland is not for peace at any price. All elements in Irish life are behind the Republic and Dail Eireann. British propagandists have tried to indicate that there was a dangerous division between various Irish leaders. Emphatically, this is not the case. In an impressive session of the Dail, President de Valera was reelected unanimously. He was nominated by Richard Mulcahy who with Cathal Brugha, Gaelic for Charles Burgess, is the real leader of the Irish military forces. The nomination was eloquently seconded in the Gaelic language by Ernest Blythe, Protestant Ulsterman, and by Sean McKeown, the Irish soldier whose release from prison was made a condition of any negotiations whatsoever. No three men could be more representative of Irish feeling. The Dail today is backed by the Irish farmers, by workers, and to a very large degree by the business classes. It has been charged that Irish labor is lukewarm toward Sinn Fein. This is not the case. Irish labor becomes daily more intelligently radical and more inclusive. The transport union today includes agricultural laborers, and workers in town and country are staunchly behind the Republic.

Physical conditions in Ireland are better than I feared. Of course the country bears marks of the outrageous reprisals carried out by the British. More impressive, however, than these signs of devastation is the economic paralysis produced by Britain's permanent policy in such towns as Galway. Here is a splendid harbor, with magnificent docks built more than a century ago. They have been allowed to crumble and the warehouses upon them are dwelling places for bats because of studied policy of checking the development of Irish ports. Visit Galway harbor and you will understand the economic drive behind the move for independence. Poverty in Ireland, due to the war, has been admirably relieved by the Irish White Cross with the aid of American relief funds. Mr. C. J. France, the American director, has proved himself a diplomat and an administrator of no mean order. He has forced even General Macready, commander of the British forces, to recognize the impartial and humanitarian quality of his work and to permit it to continue. The Irish themselves say that for three things they owe thanks to America: The bond drive, Irish relief, and the work of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland set up on the intiative of *The Nation*. But their present strength is due less to any kind of aid than to their undaunted spirit and capacity for organization. During the truce the old arbitration courts have revived, and if they can be carried on rather with the aid of students and historians who acknowledge the spirit of the old Brehon laws than of modern legalistically-minded lawyers, they may set new standards of humanity in jurisprudence.

But I must get on with graver matters. It is not sufficiently realized in America how extraordinary is the fact that little Ireland has been able to make mighty Britain take the lead in suing for peace. The principal factor in bringing this extraordinary thing to pass has been the wonderful determination of Irish resistance and the gallantry of the Irish Republican Army. During the period of the truce I have seen that army drill. I have watched the determination on the faces of the men not one of whom but would gladly die for Ireland. I have seen their arms. Ninety per cent of them, I judge, are British rifles, "commandeered" from the enemy. I have ridden in their official automobiles. Perhaps seventy-five of them, not long ago, were British military cars which during the progress of the war strangely became Irish. Let no man think that the British themselves have not been profoundly impressed by the audacity and determination of the Irish army. The man who did most finally to persuade the British Cabinet to propose a truce was Arthur Cope, under secretary for Ireland. He told the British Cabinet frankly, "The British military campaign of repression in Ireland today is a complete and ghastly failure. I am one of those who believe that the British Empire is mighty enough ultimately to suppress the Irish by force, but can General Macready or any other man say how long it will take or how terrible will be the cost?" And this statement of Cope's, the most powerful of Britain's agents now in Ireland, justifies all the Irish physical force advocates of this and the past generations. It vindicates the lives and memories of all of the Fenians, dead and alive.

Cope's position, however, also seems to me to illustrate the reality of the cleavage in British ranks between the civil government and the military government. Some of the Irish think that this apparent division is a deep-laid British plot, but I am not prepared to say, from my own experience and conversation, that it is not real. Mr. Cope stands for the sort of Englishman who is too wise and perhaps too humane to be willing to tolerate the ignominy and shame of a continued British military terror in Ireland. There are decent Englishmen in Ireland. One of them, curiously enough, is the present Governor of Mountjoy Prison. He congratulated Mr. Griffiths on the gallantry of his men after their daring attempt to rescue Sean McKeown from prison!

Men of this sort, of course, find the economic argument strongest in moving Lloyd George to propose a truce. I met no man in England who had any idea that the British would repay their debt to America or that they ought to repay it, but the wiser of them know that their chance even

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to refund the debt depends upon some kind of settlement of the Irish question. This, therefore, was undoubtedly a potent argument with Lloyd George.

As to the actual negotiations the published notes speak for themselves. They show how completely President de Valera and his advisers have forced that master trickster, Lloyd George, to face realities. They have beaten him in diplomacy as in war. They have exposed the hollowness of the claim that he has even offered genuine dominion home rule. They have refused to let their honest desire for peace persuade them to go into any conference bound to accept an allegiance to the British crown which has been solemnly repudiated by the Irish voters. At home, moreover, Mr. George has his own troubles with the unbending Tory imperialists of the school of the *Morning Post*. Clever as he is, it must be admitted that he faces a vexing problem.

And besides the British attitude there is Ulster. Two of the six counties which Lloyd George partitioned off from Ireland have voted republican by large majorities. One political unit after another in Ulster, including the whole of the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, the ancient city of Derry, East Down, and large sections of Belfast itself, have sent impressive delegations to President de Valera declaring their allegiance to the Republic and protesting against their dismemberment from Ireland. Nothing in Ireland impressed me more delightfully than the obvious friendship between Catholic and Protestant throughout Ireland and even for the most part in Ulster itself. At a great race meeting I met a fine old north of Ireland sportsman untouched by politics. He told me that at those races he believed at least fifty good solid Ulstermen, most of them formerly Unionists, said that they would welcome the Irish Republic, if only they could get rid of the present mess which has been brewed by the bitter Orangemen. Why, then, the reader may ask, has Belfast been cursed by religious warfare in which Orangemen have been the aggressors? The answer is not far to seek. Belfast is more like a certain sort of American industrial town than any other place in Europe. It is hustling, energetic, but drab and ugly. Just now, thousands of men are out of work. Americans who know how easy it is—or was in older days—to stir up a mob to fight in some election row between factions will realize what can be done by the intriguer or the fanatic. In Belfast there is an element of the population deliberately fed on bigotry by a certain class of politicians and employers some of whom are sincere and rabid Unionists, and some of whom are anxious to prevent the rise of class-feeling which will unite Catholic and Protestant workers against exploitation. The better elements of the employing class and of the workers now recoil from what has been done, and were the British Government to ask their aid in promoting Irish unity instead of Irish division, it would not take long to deal with the mobs that now work such misery in the city. It must be added that liquor plays a distinct part. The Irish Republican Army is pledged to sobriety but rarely have I seen more drunkenness than in certain of the more turbulent Orange districts in Belfast.

Such, inadequately described, are some of the elements in the present situation. What the future has in store I shall not attempt to prophesy. In Ireland I met all of the Irish leaders almost daily. I did not seek to assist them in formulating policies or even to inquire into their plans. The Irish have proved themselves abundantly able to manage their own affairs without advice from any outside source. Speaking, therefore, personally, from general investigation, and not from any inside information, I should like to record my faith that the prospects for peace are bright. I believe that the Irish can afford to enter into negotiations with Lloyd George. Victory is in their grasp. Whatever Mr. George may say he knows that he will have to make treaty agreements heretofore undreamed of. The Irish leaders will stand for the Republic. The Republic is the desire of the Irish people and their confident expectation. Such a republic has in it no menace for any other nation. It is extraordinary how little hate there is in Ireland toward the English people. They as well as the Irish will profit by the end of Ireland's long tragedy. And that end is at hand.

Three Persian Tiles

[Translated from the Imaginary]

By LEONORA SPEYER

Poet

I cried out against my silence,
And flung it into the face of the sky:
And a lark caught it
And made it the loudest note of his song!

Professor

You are young, Wisdom!
But I,
Whom you have instructed,
Am too old to play with you.
Wisdom, I am truly sorry.

Prophet

I saw a man with wide-open eyes,
Looking earnestly forward—
Into the past;
And backward—
Into the future!

Sonnet

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

CORRODED by the chemicals of time,
I wander aimlessly from place to place,
Seeking all wisdom in a pretty rime,
Finding all beauty in a passing face.
Each night I end my destiny in sleep,
Each morning I begin my life anew;
My passions fade, my friendships will not keep,
My love is like an idle wind. But you,
Steady and rich and mellow in the grain,
Being a brother to all things that grow
Rooted in earth, nourished by sun and rain,
Make the world glad with produce. Be it so.
Forever fish must swim and birds must fly;
You must be you, I cannot be but I.

IRISH LABOR

An important article by Mr. Frank P. Walsh in a forthcoming issue.

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Fighting Unionism with Martial Law

By ARTHUR WARNER

IN writing of the visit of United States Senators Kenyon and Shortridge to Mingo and Logan Counties, West Virginia, the correspondent of a Huntington newspaper referred to the two men as a committee to inquire into "the industrial controversy said to exist in some coal fields." This phraseology sounds unduly cautious even for a newspaper which aims not to annoy the home folks with unpleasant truths. The home folks resent the words "civil war" as describing the situation, but they seem to forget that the phrase is that of their own Governor, who in proclaiming martial law in Mingo County on May 19, last, said that "a state of war, insurrection, and riot is, and has been for some time, in existence" and "many lives and much property have been destroyed as a result thereof and riot and bloodshed is still rampant and pending." Since that time there has been a sympathetic march of several thousand more or less armed miners and others in the nearby county of Kanawha, which is still occupied by Federal troops in consequence. The home folks would do well to worry less about the language applied to their State and more about the conditions that have occasioned it.

Mingo County is West Virginia's Ireland. A fine native population, goaded by many abuses and injustices and apparently hopeless of any other solution, was driven somewhat over a year ago to mass violence in retaliation. As in Ireland, mass violence was met with still greater force on the part of government but with no effort nor wish to remove the cause of the trouble. The cause in Mingo is the objection of the coal operators to the unionization of their fields and the lengths to which they have gone to prevent it. For many years they have employed guards, authorized by the county to carry arms, who have manhandled and driven out of the coal fields union representatives or sympathizers found in or about the mines. These mine guards are commonly reputed to be Baldwin-Felts private detectives. This is an exaggeration of the fact. Most of the armed men about the mines are bona-fide workers in various capacities. The Baldwin-Felts men of whom there are probably several hundred in the non-union coal fields along the extreme southwestern border of West Virginia—Mercer, McDowell, and Mingo counties—are mostly reserved for a higher realm of usefulness. They constitute a spy and surveillance service whose members move about getting and giving information; advising and assisting; resorting to assault and shooting when such methods suit them.

In spite of this system of terrorization maintained by the coal owners, a partial unionization was effected in the spring of 1920. Without waiting for further developments the mine owners soon began to discharge men as rapidly as they joined the union—a spy system furnished the information—and to dispossess them without notice from company-owned houses.

"I was let out of my job and put out of my house before I had time to eat another meal in it," an ex-service man now in the Lick Creek tent colony said to me. "I joined the union one morning in Williamson, and when I got back to the mine in the afternoon I was told to get my pay and get out of my house before supper."

Scores of similar cases are recounted. Finally the officers of the United Mine Workers asked for a conference with the operators and when this was refused they called all union men out of the mines of Mingo County. This was in July. Shortly thereafter a tragedy happened that was the beginning of the long trail of violence and disorder that ensued. A number of Baldwin-Felts men went to Matewan and ejected a group of striking mine workers and their families from company-owned houses. In this they had the support of a decision of the West Virginia courts, which have ruled that a company renting houses to its employees does not stand in the relation to them of landlord and tenant but of master and servant, and may therefore dispossess without notice or legal process. After doing their work the Baldwin-Felts men encountered Sid Hatfield, Chief of Police of Matewan, friend of the miners, and crack shot. Without trying to untangle all that followed, it is enough to say that shooting began and did not end until seven Baldwin-Felts men, two union miners, and Mayor Testerman of Matewan lay dead. A reign of lawlessness and violence ensued in Mingo County in which both miners and coal companies participated. Federal troops went in twice in the autumn of 1920. The trouble culminated in May of the present year when what is known in Mingo as the Three-Day Battle took place along fifteen miles of the Tug River near Williamson. The Tug River at this point is the boundary between West Virginia and Kentucky. Many of the mines are in Kentucky, but the railway and the towns are in West Virginia. In West Virginia also are the striking miners, many of them living in tents—the only available habitations since their ejection from company houses.

The strikers say that the Three-Day Battle was begun by mine guards on the Kentucky side. The coal owners put the blame on the union miners. Who knows? The head of the State Police in Williamson says that for some time both sides had wished "to shoot it out." Doubtless he is right. Anyhow they did. It is estimated that 100,000 shots were exchanged across the river. Residents of the region feared to go out of doors; some in exposed positions had to take to their cellars. Passengers on Norfolk and Western trains went through the battle zone crouching on the floors of the cars while glass crashed overhead.

The Three-Day Battle brought martial law to Mingo County. The judge of the Circuit Court, the sheriff, and the prosecuting attorney united in asking for it. The circumstances justified the action; there is no reason to criticize it. There is reason to criticize the application of martial law which in practice has been directed only against the striking miners and toward the suppression of union activities. Under the terms of the proclamation of martial law public assemblies and parades are prohibited, except by permission, and nobody except officers of the law may carry or have firearms of any sort except "at their own homes or places of business." There is no pretense that the provision against public assemblies is enforced against anybody except union miners. Commercial and fraternal organizations assemble at will, the churches and motion-picture houses are open as usual, the Salvation Army conducts its customary parades and meetings. But the right of officers of the United Mine Workers to assemble even

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in their own headquarters in Williamson is denied. When residents of the Lick Creek tent colony of strikers near Williamson want to visit town they have to walk single file, with a lonesome space between. Two union miners cannot meet at a street corner without fear of arrest. Union propaganda and activity by word of mouth is effectively blocked by the provision against public assemblies; similar efforts through the printed word are prevented by a clause in the proclamation of martial law which says: "No publication, either newspaper, pamphlet, hand-bill, or otherwise, reflecting in any way upon the United States or the State of West Virginia or their officers, may be published, distributed, displayed, or circulated."

Arrests are made without warrants, but under the Governor's proclamation the civil courts remain in Mingo County to try persons charged with offenses against the laws. Such persons may obtain bail. Offenses against the proclamation of martial law are non-bailable and beyond the pale of the courts. In this realm Major Thomas B. Davis, acting Adjutant General of the State and commander of the militia in Mingo County, rules absolute and supreme. He is not only judge and jury; he is law-maker besides. He decides what *are* offenses against the Governor's proclamation and how they shall be punished. He claps people into jail and lets them out as he pleases. Charges are regarded as superfluous and even the delay and bother of trial by courts martial have been dispensed with. Whatever else may be said against the system, it certainly cannot be condemned as enmeshed with red tape.

Remarkable as this regime sounds, it has no terrors for the average citizen of Mingo County. He scarcely realizes that it exists. It applies only to the union miner, and to him with its full rigor. At the Lick Creek tent colony I was told that in addition to the wholesale arrests made at the time of the Three-Day Battle there had been two "round-ups" since for no reason known to the miners. A score or more men had been locked up in Williamson without charges and after several days had been released without knowing the reason for their going in or their coming out.

"One time we were in for five days," said a man who spoke from experience. "For fifty-six hours of that time we were crowded in a room of the jail, with water covering the floor, and so closely packed together that we could not lie or even sit down."

Theoretically, martial law is maintained in Mingo County by a company of State militia about 100 strong. The body consists largely of very young men, many of them mere boys, who are called up only for tempopary service and are without experience in police work. Practically, this work is mostly done by the State Police, a detachment of which has been in Mingo County for somewhat more than a year. The State Police has lately been reorganized, the pay of privates having been increased from $75 a month to $100, besides clothing, living, and transportation. Since July 15 it has been possible to recruit men from outside of the State. So far only ex-service men have been accepted. In all there are four companies, each about fifty strong. One entire company and the larger part of another are stationed in Mingo County. The members of the State Police are typical ex-service men of an excellent sort. They are not thugs or gunmen. Such faults as they have are due to their youth and inexperience and to the fact that they have carried over from the army a too military and super-legal conception of police duty—an attitude intensified by their service under martial law.

Captain J. R. Brockus, in charge of the company in Williamson, impresses one as straightforward and honest—a soldier trying to do his duty in a soldierly way. His industrial ideas, like his pay, have been drawn from the ruling classes, without suspicion or inquiry, and he makes no concealment of his hostility toward unionism. The fact that he has lost three men, all shot in the back, may have influenced his attitude. He told me that the United Mine Workers furnished arms to the strikers. When I asked for proof he cited, as one instance, that on May 15 some suitcases had been dropped at Merrimac from an early morning train. They fell into the hands of the police and were found to contain four high-power rifles and 1,000 cartridges, all wrapped in Charleston newspapers of the day before. (Charleston is the district headquarters of the United Mine Workers.) Fred Mooney, secretary-treasurer of the district organization, was seen to get off the same train that carried the rifles at Matewan, the first stop beyond Merrimac.

In addition to the regular force of State Police in Mingo County there are 800 "special police," sworn in and given permission to carry arms at the time of the disturbances last May. About 250 of these are residents of Williamson, recommended by a "citizens' committee." The rest are mine employees, admittedly appointed from lists sent in by the coal operators. These 800 "special police" are all in private employ and pay, subject only in the vaguest way to the control of the county or State.

The proclamation of martial law in Mingo County, as has been said, was justified last May. But quiet has ruled in the region for some weeks, and a military regime is not justified today, especially in its one-edged application to union miners only. Its perpetuation can only be regarded as an extra-legal method of fighting unionism, with the effect of deepening the unrest, bitterness, and sense of injustice felt by a large proportion of the producing classes of the county. Coal production in Mingo is some 50 per cent below normal and business is shot to pieces. The mine owners say that reduced production is due to low demand and not to the strike; but this sounds less plausible when one learns that the neighboring county of Logan has produced more coal in 1921 than for the same period even in the banner war year of 1918.

Judge R. D. Bailey of the West Virginia Circuit Court, one of the three men who asked Governor Morgan for martial law in Mingo County, expressed the belief to me that if violence were to cease public sentiment would compel the coal companies to accept unionism. Be this as it may, it is certain that normal civil relations and equality before the law is the first step toward even approximate equilibrium in Mingo County. With the withdrawal of martial law should go the cancelation of the pistol-carrying permits of all the 800 "special police" and, if necessary, an augmentation of the regular force to cover the field. All this is elementary and immediately essential. But of itself it will not insure industrial peace; it will bring only that kind of fighting under rules (no hitting below the belt and ten seconds to get up off the floor) that prevails in most other parts of the country. Industrial peace, or an approximation of it, can arrive only when the coalfields are worked as a community service and not as a means of private profit; only when it is recognized that the laborer has a legitimate voice in an industry dependent upon the sweat of his brow.

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The Punishment of the War Criminals

By RUDOLF BREITSCHEID

WHEN the Wirth Cabinet took office Franco-German relations seemed to be bettering. The unqualified acceptance of the ultimatum made a good impression in Paris, and we were informed that our new Government inspired more confidence than had its predecessors. The German Nationalists, to be sure, protested the signature, but it was clear that there was no alternative, and that if our relations with France really became smoother the Nationalists would cease howling.

Those who looked deeper were skeptical. Too many important questions, well adapted to cause new friction, were awaiting solution. There were the Rhenish sanctions; there was Upper Silesia; there were the trials of war criminals. And the pessimists were soon proved right. The sanctions were not lifted and the German public complained bitterly. The Upper Silesian problem soon leaped back into the foreground, and the manner in which France treated it was only too well calculated to repoison the atmosphere. Then came the verdicts of the German imperial court upon the officers accused of atrocities in the conduct of the war, exciting those on both sides who had hitherto remained calm—and so the situation today is no better than it was three months ago.

The effect in Paris of the acquittal of some of the officers whose condemnation France demanded is generally known. The French delegation was brusquely recalled from Leipzig, Briand made very bitter speeches, and the Paris press foamed with rage at the Imperial Tribunal's scorn for justice. On the other hand the condemnation of the two submarine officers who had given orders to fire upon the lifeboats of a hospital ship which had been torpedoed against all law aroused the liveliest protest among the nationalist elements in Germany. They adopted flaming resolutions celebrating the condemned men as heroes, sent them telegrams of congratulation, and insisted that the court had made its decision under pressure of Entente demands and of the "shameful" Peace of Versailles. All this leads to at least one conclusion: that the present methods of trial do not tend to calm spirits on either side of the frontier.

It must be said that the German criticism has least foundation. Germany signed the peace treaty and thereby approved punishment of her war criminals. She may regret the onesidedness of that agreement, she may express the desire that the crimes of Frenchmen and Englishmen also should be brought before the courts, but this unfairness gives her no right to protest trial of her own miscreants. She succeeded in her first wish to have the complaints taken out of the Entente courts. They were transferred to her own highest court, and it became her duty not to disturb the proceedings by provocative shrieking. Those who today complain of Entente pressure would have done better to have urged Germany of her own free will to have started trial long ago of those who besmudged her honor and thereby to have cleansed their own hands. Even after the Treaty of Versailles had been signed in June, 1919, proceedings were not opened against a single one of those accused of war crimes. To complain of pressure little becomes those who criminally neglected their own duty to act of their own free will.

And even if the trials were forced upon us, no one can say that the punishments were also decreed under pressure. If such were the case why did the court not heed this pressure in the case of General Stenger, accused of giving orders to kill captive Frenchmen? When the court acquitted the general, the German Nationalists praised the verdict as the most objective in the world, and the remarks of the French Prime Minister were felt to be shameful and bitterly unjust. These people praise objectivity only when it works in favor of the adherents of the old system. They resent foreign criticism of German justice and do not ask whether foreigners have not a right to strong suspicion.

For foreigners know how the German press and Parliament day after day criticize that system of justice, and know that hundreds of workers have been condemned to thousands of years of prison for participation in revolutionary movements while the punishing arm of the judge has not yet touched a single one of the authors of the Kapp coup, and the murderers of Rosa Luxemburg and of Karl Liebknecht and others still go unpunished. Let us be fair: the judges at Leipzig may have the best will in the world to be just, but they are of the same blood as the accused officers. They belong to the same class and are moved by the same impulses. They grew up in the mentality of the ruling class of the age of William II. They cannot change their skins, and their justice remains class justice.

But the Entente should have foreseen all that. The Entente was not without experience in such methods. The demand for the delivery of the criminals, Lloyd George's election slogans of 1918—hang the Kaiser and the rest—had led the Entente into an impasse. It knew that its program could not be fulfilled, but it refused to see the equal impossibility of the program as amended. To maintain its prestige it stubbornly held to a fundamentally wrong decision. Thus we have been brought to the present pass, and we vainly ask what escape the Supreme Council can find. It may repeat the demand that the prisoners be delivered, it may threaten new sanctions if German courts decree punishments which seem to it inadequate. If so, the tension will be increased, the possibilities of reconciliation will fade into the misty future. The fundamental theory of modern penology, according to which punishment is not for revenge but a means to bettering the individual and society, will be defied. Instead of bringing the German people to heart-searching, it will embitter it, increase the cry for revenge, and give new excuse for new war.

If the Allies really want to calm Germany and Europe, and really want peace worthy of the name, they can only leave the German people to determine for itself what to do about its criminals—not only those who fought on the field, but those who bear the final responsibility. The criminological conception is not most important; a moral judgment which would make it impossible for them and their like ever again to play so disastrous a role as from 1914 to 1918 is far more needed. If the German people fails to recognize that necessity and to act accordingly, then so much the worse for the German people. But, if it be forced by external pressure to act, without any real inner moral renaissance, then the harshest and justest punishments will not achieve the beneficent effect which alone could justify the proceeding.

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England's Plunge into Protection

By J. A. HOBSON

AFTER practicing free trade for three-quarters of a century, Great Britain has reverted to protection. For the Safeguarding of Industries Bill which, after a stormy passage through the two houses, now only awaits the formal assent of the Crown, lays the broad foundations of a protective tariff. Ill-contrived, leaky, self-contradictory, "unscientific" in a high degree, it none the less ranks as the first success of our protectionist party since Mr. Joseph Chamberlain began the fight just eighteen years ago. Before describing the character of the measure it is well first to indicate the conditions under which this temporary abandonment of free trade has been possible.

If men were reasonable animals they would not make wars. If they were half reasonable they would seek to repair the ravages of war by the fullest, widest, and freest cooperation in industry and commerce, irrespective of political boundaries. There exists today in the world an abundance of most foods and raw materials, coal, ships, and manufacturing plants with the requisite complements of labor. But they cannot get utilized, distributed, and consumed because of stoppages in the ordinary processes of commerce and finance which move goods from places where they are superfluous to places where they are wanted. Never was the world in such urgent need of free trade as now. Yet everywhere, both in the Old and the New World, politicians are engaged in erecting new and higher barriers against the entrance into their markets of cheaper or better goods than their own people can produce. Everywhere producers want to sell abroad, but they do not want to receive the goods which are the only mode in which they can be paid for what they want to sell. So they cannot sell, because they will not buy.

Though the need for free trade is greater than ever, the spirit of protection triumphs. Why? The answer is obvious. It proceeds directly from the war psychology, the pride of national self-sufficiency, the fear, hatred, and suspicion, primarily of ex-enemies, but also of all foreigners, the moral scars which every war leaves behind. Our British experience is most instructive in this matter. Our dependence upon world markets, both for the vital needs of our population and for the success of our commerce, was so evident that the protectionist cause seemed a forlorn hope even to most of its supporters until the close of the nineteenth century. The Chamberlain campaign was floated upon the imperialist enthusiasm of the Boer War, which furnished the illusion of a self-sufficing empire and the anti-foreign sentiment evoked by the sympathy of most European nations for the Boers. Mr. Chamberlain and his followers also reckoned on the favoring circumstance of depressed trade with widespread unemployment, the invariable sequel of the artificial war prosperity. All these were *verae causae*, but our protectionists overvalued and mistimed their actions. Mr. Chamberlain was right in thinking there was a flare-up of imperialistic sentiment, but wrong in thinking he could float upon it a proposal for taxing foods. Still graver was his blunder in pronouncing death-sentence upon our great staple manufactures, steel, cotton, shipbuilding, at a time when they were visibly beginning to recover from the comparatively shallow and short depression into which they had been cast after the war. These blunders were so disastrous that his protectionist forces were smitten hip and thigh in the election of 1906, which put the Liberal free traders in power with a majority so overwhelming as to lead to the belief that Protectionism was killed for all time.

Indeed, nothing short of the World War could have revived the corpse. For that war provided the conditions of the earlier experiment intensified and with the favoring economic circumstances then lacking. Not merely did it endow our protectionists with new strength; it left our free-traders with new weakness. For, smitten by war panic, liberal statesmen made themselves responsible for a set of resolutions at the Economic Conference at Paris in 1916 which, under the guise of war-emergency provisions, contained the germs of a really virulent protectionism. Mr. Asquith, taunted recently with this betrayal, made the quite inadequate reply that the Paris resolutions were war measures to meet the menace of an economic Central Europe which Germany had erected. In point of fact no such economic Central Europe existed, and even if it had, the post-war policy laid down at Paris, as distinguished from the war-time measures, was a most noxious way of dealing with it.

Though there is no real continuity between the Paris resolutions and this Safeguarding of Industries Act, the moral effect of the former in weakening free trade principles throughout our country must count as a factor in the explanation of the protectionist victory. There are those who would explain what has happened from the mere strength of certain groups of business interests represented in the House of Commons, business politicians who stand personally to gain by tariffs. The majority of the Conservative Party have long been convinced protectionists; they have now been joined by Liberal-Coalitionists who have been able to hedge upon their old free-trade beliefs sufficiently to give their support to the present tariff. A few of these even confess privately to the cynical view that so bad a tariff law must discredit protectionism by its unworkability. Others of them pretend to hold that there is nothing in the law which cannot be defended by a free trader on grounds of patriotism and emergency.

It contains three parts, with three separate pieces of impolicy, argued on separate lines. The first relates to key industries, imposing a duty of 33 1/3 per cent upon a number of specified articles, such as organic chemicals, optical glass, magnetos, certain metallic products such as tungsten, and a variety of scientific instruments and other appliances, chiefly of German origin. This tariff is defended on the ground of national safety supposed to be endangered by dependence upon foreign supplies of articles necessary either for military defense or for the performance of essential industrial processes. Of course, no intelligible definition of a key industry is possible that does not include agriculture and every necessary trade. The selection under the schedule (which can be enlarged at the will of a body of officials) is nothing but a scratch bundle of protectionism bound together with anti-German spite, comprising articles in which the superior science of our late enemy enabled him to surpass our manufacturers.

Part II is of more general application, and professes to

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safeguard us against dumping. But dumping, as here presented, is of two sorts. The first includes all goods (other than food or drink) sold "at prices below the cost of production." But "cost of production" is, by a later clause, twisted out of its natural meaning to signify either the "wholesale price" of such goods in the country of manufacture, or, whereas such goods are not sold for consumption in the country of manufacture, "the price which, having regard to the prices charged for goods *as near as may be similar* when so sold or when sold for exportation to other countries would be so charged if the goods were sold in that country"—an allocation the etymology of which has got hopelessly entangled with its ambiguity of meaning. Picture the ordinary official mind wrestling in its earnest way with the problem of as-near-as-may-be-similarity in a foreign country!

But the second sort of dumping is the sin committed by a country which, by reason of its depreciated exchange, is able to undersell us in our own market, sending goods at prices "below the prices at which similar goods can be profitably manufactured" by us. Here a whole crop of difficulties and uncertainties arises. What does "profitably" signify to the mind of the Five Wise Men charged with the administration of these clauses? Again, dumping of either sort is only reprehensible if by reason of it "employment in any industry in the United Kingdom is being or is likely to be seriously affected." Finally, what is "wholesale price"? Apart from the fact that wholesale prices vary in any market, with the size of the consignment, the time conditions, methods of delivery and of payment, there arises the question of insurance, freight, and other changes incidental to the entrance to our market. All these charges, it appears, are to be included, though this in reality involves the levying of the duty upon British shipping, banking, and insurance firms!

But these problems are simple compared with those presented to our business men and our officials in the valuation of the taxable goods and the provisions for remission where the goods are for reexport or are only partly manufactured in a foreign country.

The scale of duties for each dutiable class is a uniform "one-third of the value of the goods." Thus Clause 1, wholly innocent of the fierce controversies which have raged around this loosest of all economic terms! The least reflection shows that the three purposes to which this act is devoted, protection of key industries, anti-dumping, and correction of exchange, overlap and are inextricably interwoven. Some articles are liable to double, possibly to treble, taxation because they happen to be convicted of more than one of these offenses.

There is nowhere any attempt at "scientific" graduation. Raw materials or semi-manufactured goods pay as much as finished manufactures. The only stroke of intelligence consists in the omission of agriculture from tariff protection. Whether this can last is doubtful now that the subsidies to farmers have been withdrawn, but it enables Mr. Lloyd George unctuously to say: "Our policy does not involve a tax on food."

Is this the beginning of the end of British free trade or but a brief crazy interlude? No one can answer confidently. For it depends upon whether international relations are going to be set upon a sane and safe basis or not. If the world is going to be kept dangerous, it is likely that we shall set ourselves to secure such national and imperial self-sufficiency as is feasible, and eke out its deficiencies by commercial and political treaties in which graded tariffs will play a part. This act, however, is ludicrously inadequate to such a policy. For in the first place it does not apply to those countries with which we have treaties, conventions and engagements of a commercial character, and these countries are twenty-six in number, including most of our non-European markets. In point of fact, the two most important countries to be penalized in export trade under this act are France and Germany. The former country has already vigorously protested against the new duties, while the latter will evidently be disabled from making her reparation payments in the only way in which they can be made, and in correcting her bad exchange in the only way in which correction is possible.

Free traders here, however, are not despondent. The exceeding badness of this act, they hold, will be their salvation. For, as soon as it is put in force, its follies, inconveniences and futilities will breed hostility, especially among the business classes already fed up with bureaucratic interferences and apprehensive of all new controls. A year's experience of such a tariff will suffice to expose it as the quack remedy for unemployment which it is. It can bring in no appreciable net revenues, for the tax yield, nominally extracted from France and Germany, really from our consumers, will be eaten up by the expenses of its operation. The fresh obstacles it sets up against the revival of trade for France and Central Europe, not to speak of Russia, are not only fraught with the most perilous political consequences, but they must strike a deadly blow at the recovery of our export trade, the most sensitive part of our economic system. Such suffering will bring home to our people, better than any economic argumentation, the folly of tampering with the free trade under which, as a people dependent for three-quarters of our foods and many essential raw materials, we must continue to live and move and have our being. Next winter's tribulations will teach us all we need to know about this particular way of "safeguarding industries."

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The Paving Quarry

By CHARLES WILBERT SNOW

OUR pathway led through birches shoulder-high;
It was autumn, and the little yellow leaves,
So slender were their stems, seemed poised in air,
And gaily did they flutter in the wind.
The huckleberry leaves shone brilliant red,
And bayberry shed rare incense on our way,
As now we walked through plots of velvet moss,
And now on granite ledges gray and hard.
Abruptly came our journey to a stop,
And there in ragged grayness lay the Quarry.

"This pavin' quarry," my companion said,
"Was goin' to make me rich, and made me poor.
'Twas in the eighties I began work here,
When all great cities paved their streets with blocks.
A nickel apiece they were, and I could reel
Two hundred blocks or more each blessed day.
The reelin' wa'n't much like the reelin' now:
'Most anything would do. Along this hump

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Were fifty quarries clickin' every day.
Beside that barrel there filled up with chips
I reeled, the happiest hours of my life,
I wouldn't say how many thousand blocks,
While Fred, my butty, plug-drilled and broke stone.
I somehow liked the music of the sound,
The click-clack-clickin' of a hundred drills
From all these quarries in among the trees.
How different now, when all one ever hears
Is chickadees, or crickets, or the frogs!
I sometimes think they liked the noises, too,
Of hammers clickin', and the rattlin' wheels
Of wagons, or the creakin' of the hames
In horses' collars on these rocky roads.
For we were prosp'rous then; at half-past four
'Most any night but Friday you could smell
Beefsteak a-fryin' anywhere in town,
And hear the snap and sizzle in the spider.
(We can't afford to eat beefsteak today.)
'Twas fun at night to see the youngsters bolt
To meet their daddies, grab the dinner pail,
And find a cookie or a piece of cake
Left there like toll-bait to be sure they came.
'Twas fun just after supper to drop 'round
To Em'ry's store, and hear the boys run on.
They'd smoke, and fight John L.'s big mills again,
With Paddy Ryan, Mitchell, Jake Kilrain—
They never loved another like John L.
And sometimes, when the bottle went around,
The boys would sing. I wish you could 'a' heard
Mike Flemin' sing 'The Wind that Blew Across
The Wild Moor'; somethin' in his Irish voice
Would make you think o' lonely winds at night,
And cryin' children strayin' on the moor.
And then on Saturdays we'd have a dance,
And start it with a break-down in the store.
I always liked the break-down best; the boys
Were keyed just right, the jews'-harp twanged and twanged,
The mouth-organ began with 'Home, Sweet Home,'
And Cowin', wounded at Bull Run, would clog,
And dance the 'Buck and Wing' in perfect time.
Then all would leave to join the 'March and Circle'
Except the old men who would set and smoke.
Ah, them were jolly days; I never thought
They'd leave us as they did; the price went down,
And cities paved with asphalt room o' blocks;
The young folks moved away, but we were old—
Too old to think of other towns as home—
For home is where you bring your children up;
And there we were without a place to farm,
Who might 'a' had ten acres turned to field.
Perhaps it's just as well. A hundred hens,
A little garden truck, a chance to fish,
And time to talk of pranks we did as boys—
One way of life's as good's another, I guess,
If we just take it right—that's all that counts."

He gazed along the west; the golden sun
Was streaming through a clump of tall spruce trees.
The dead, low limbs, transfigured in the light,
Had brought the sunset near; the background stood
In lemon-colored glory; back we turned
Without a word, and down a birch-fringed path
We found the road that led our footsteps home.

A Blow to Science

By ELSA WEIHL

THE Foundation for Chemical Research had vindicated itself gloriously. While statesmen were intriguing diplomatically and politicians wrangling openly over the vexation of a topsy-turvy world the Foundation had quietly gone about its business of insuring a lasting peace.

There would be no more war. Professor Chemiat had isolated the hate germ.

It remained only to inoculate the patients and demonstrate the cure and the world would be freed from its greatest horror.

Professor Chemiat, although a modest man, was unable to avoid a slight feeling of personal gratification. Yesterday he had been comparatively unknown—today representatives of the leading newspapers and magazines implored him for interviews and the daily papers featured his discovery on their front pages. The theory of Relativity was completely overshadowed.

A Frenchman with whom the professor had long been associated was selected as the first subject for inoculation. Much to Dr. Chemiat's surprise M. Barrière refused to permit the experiment. His manner was courteous but firm.

"You will pardon me," he said, "but I do not *wish*, I have no *desire* to lose my hatred of the Germans."

Somewhat discomfited, Dr. Chemiat determined upon another subject. He chose a German, an unobtrusive person who had been an actor before the war and was now a waiter in a Swiss restaurant. Much to his chagrin the German objected bitterly to the inoculation. At first Mr. Zaun would give absolutely no reason for his opposition, but he was finally prevailed upon to speak.

"Never in my life would I wish to free myself from hatred against the English. They caused the war. Without them Germany would be a great Power today. Stop hating them? No, it is impossible."

An Englishman was next selected for the test. To the professor's chagrin he, too, begged to be excused from participation in the experiment.

"Under the conditions existing in my country at the present time you will understand, I am sure, why I must decline to be of service to you."

Dr. Chemiat looked a little blank, asked pardon for his stupidity, but confessed that he found Mr. Barr's meaning a trifle obscure.

Reluctantly, and with a visible effort, Mr. Barr vouchsafed an explanation.

"I refer to our—difficulty—with Ireland. Under no circumstances could I justify myself for attempting to eradicate my hatred of the Sinn Fein."

The professor listened to this utterance with dismay. "Great heavens!" he cried, "is there no one who is willing to tear hatred and prejudice from his heart?" He turned to his assistant, a young American, and implored him for the sake of science if not of humanity to submit to the inoculation.

The young man reddened and made one or two ineffectual attempts at speech. Finally he said deprecatingly, "Doctor Chemiat, you know how I admire you—and the work. I did not believe that you could ever make a request that I should not be happy—eager—to grant. But this—honestly,"

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he burst out with sudden confidence, "I can't stop hating the Bolsheviki—and I don't want to!"

Professor Chemiat felt both grieved and humiliated. He would have staked his reputation on the devotion of his assistant. And now this refusal to help him in the greatest crisis of his career! For a moment he yielded to an enervating sense of discouragement, but a little reflection brought him solace. After all he had tried representatives of only a few nations, there remained many, many more.

A month later the distinguished scientist's flicker of hope had yielded to a profound and oppressive gloom. Among all the nationalities there could be found not a single man, Greek, Japanese, Turk, Servian, Chinese, Dutch, Norwegian, Spanish, and the rest, who desired to be inoculated against hate.

For lack of empirical evidence the most remarkable discovery of the age, acclaimed as a momentous contribution to scientific thought, threatened to join the overstocked necropolis of undemonstrable truths.

Dr. Chemiat was tempted to admit himself defeated by the general manifestation of the Will to Hate, yet he determined to make one final effort. He would ask the very next man he met. In pursuance of this resolve he stopped a shabbily dressed man, insignificant except for his expression of kindliness. In a few moments the professor had explained his predicament and thrown his theory upon the mercy of this chance passer-by. The stranger's first words brought reassurance.

"Of course I am willing to undergo the inoculation."

Dr. Chemiat's gloom lifted.

"But I am not a good subject."

"Why not?"

"I am an internationalist. The test would prove nothing."

"I must admit that I do not understand," said Professor Chemiat, in considerable bewilderment.

"Ah, professor, you inoculate against hatred——"

"Yes——"

"Well, don't you see? I do not suffer from the disease!"

In the Driftway

DRIFTING under the Hellgate Bridge the Drifter suddenly realized what his artist friends meant when they talked of the motion in a still-life. The bridge was a living thing—as living as the lithe, wickedly still water beneath it. The superb curve flowed and flowed, not with any easy willowy grace but with sure relentless force. Every line was meaningful and authoritative; once the oddly crossed arms beneath seemed to try to flatten down the arch, but the arch won out and flowed on, beautifully proud of its conquest, its rhythm the rhythm of the water beneath.

* * * * *

EDUCATION is a curious thing, and the distinguishing marks of culture open to question. Bryn Mawr opened its academic halls last summer to a school for working girls. Tutors were chosen from the best of Bryn Mawr's students, but the working girls, many of whom had never been to high school, thought some of their tutors quite uneducated. "What is this A. F. of L. you talk about?" one of the educated queried of the uneducated. To a member of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union a flood of questions came from one of the curious educated: "What is this International you talk about? Is it the Third International? What is the Third International anyway?" But had the Drifter been there to watch, his crowning joy would have come when the girl from the Hotel Workers Union started to organize the Bryn Mawr chambermaids to combat the seven-day week which still prevailed in that seat of academic culture.

* * * * *

THE most human feminism the Drifter ever met is these ten requests of a Japanese woman to her husband, which the Drifter clips from an article by Therese Pernod in the New York *Globe:*

1. Please get up at the same time I do.
2. Please do not scold me in the presence of children or of visitors.
3. When you leave home for long periods, please tell me where you go.
4. Please let me know when you leave home and when you return.
5. Please grant me the privilege of enjoying a few of my own wishes.
6. Please give me a fixed sum of money for my own personal use.
7. Please do not ask the attention of others for things you can very well do yourself (the "others" is her own self).
8. Please refrain from doing such things before the children as would set a bad example.
9. Please allow me some time each day for reading and studying.
10. Please stop saying "Oi Kora" (English equivalent: "Hello, you over there") when you call me. I am your wife and deserve respect.

The "ultimatum" concluded with: "These requests may sound abrupt, but they come right from the heart of your loving wife."

* * * * *

THE Drifter recalls reading somewhere of the need of raising telephone rates in order to save the poor telephone companies. But in his mail he finds an advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company: "Forty years of continuous dividends of never less than 7½ per cent."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Ku Klux and Other 100 Per Centers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York *World* and the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* are running serial exposures of the Ku Klux Klan, as though that hideously imbecilic mummery were different from any one of the 100 or 1000 per cent Americanisms of the day.

I fail to see the slightest distinction between the Ku Klux and the security leagues, etc., in so far as their acts of lawlessness are concerned. The Ku Klux have acted in their Southern outrages very much as the American Legion is reported to have acted in opposing the Nonpartisan League in Kansas and elsewhere.

Lawlessness in the suppression of anything and everything that is free from hatred and vindictiveness seems to be the order of the day, and it is to the shame of the national administration that no effort is made to suppress this kind of law defiance. The publicity given the Ku Klux has been so great that the administration is compelled to take notice, but I submit that just as great outrages as those committed by the

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Ku Klux have been perpetrated on law-abiding citizens for the past two years by other organized mobs without the slightest notice being taken of them by the powers that be.

I am wondering how long it will take to get back to the Americanism of Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, or George Washington.

The 100 per cent Americans of the tribe of flagwavers would force the cup of hemlock on Socrates or crucify Christ in half the time it took to do it 2,000 years ago.

Peoria, September 29 NATHAN A. COLE

The *Times* and Unemployment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:: In its issue of this date the New York *Times* prints an editorial under the title The Facts as to Unemployment. Some of the "facts" which it sets forth are amusing to people in this part of the world, where the situation discussed has especial emphasis just at present, because of the operations of Urbain Ledoux. Some of them are not amusing, because they are false. The editorial says, in one part:

> Except for the popular impression that the number of those destitute runs high into the millions, the so-called Boston slave market would have been impossible; the notoriety-seeking promoter of it might now be engaged in supporting his own family instead of being denounced by it. Meantime, the quieter forces of the community are efficiently at work. The employment bureau of the American Legion is placing more men each day than "Mr. Zero" has offered at "auction"—mostly with no takers. . . .

The "popular impression" that "the number of destitute runs high into the millions" is a popular impression still. Mr. Davis in his lengthy statement wherein he endeavored to show that no matter how bad employment conditions are today they were worse in 1914 does not in the slightest regard abolish the fact that there are several millions out of work in America today. To recall a bad period of the past is not as yet an effective manner of disputing an existing fact in the present.

Now to turn to the matter of "Mr. Zero." The *Times* calls him "a notoriety-seeking promoter." That, he has not yet been, in Boston, and he has been operating here for two weeks. He set out to see whether the conscience of modern society could be rediscovered, and it is a fortunate and refreshing discovery that he has made both for himself and for the people of the city where William Lloyd Garrison once fought a similar fight —and to a similar victory.

To label a man a "notoriety seeking promoter" is to attempt to discredit him. Does the *Times* believe that it is discreditable of a man to gather in the hungry from the public parks and provide them with food? Will the *Times* assert that to clothe the naked and shelter them from the winds of destitution is something to be sneered at? Will the *Times* desire itself to stand forth as the advocate of starvation, of indifference, and of cynical apathy? It is hard to believe this of the *Times*. But when we read the next part of the "facts" that the *Times* sets forth for the edification of its readers, we begin to entertain a reasonable doubt.

"The notoriety-seeking promoter of it might now be engaged in supporting his family instead of being denounced by it." Where did the *Times* get this fact? How does it know that Mr. Ledoux is not supporting his family and is "being denounced by it"? There are seven fairly large-sized newspapers in this city. Mr. Ledoux's family lives in this city. One of these papers sent a man to interview Mr. Ledoux's wife. She refused to talk to him. His paper carried the only story about non-support that was published in Boston. The other reporters investigated. They have seen letters from the man's wife and his children to him, praising his work and expressing the deepest degree of gratification that he should have such courage and persistence. Mr. Ledoux himself has characterized the "non-support story" as "false and untrue in every particular." As for his being denounced by the family to whose apartment he has repeatedly gone during his stay in Boston, and which is evincing the most acute interest in all his work here, that is a "fact" which the *Times*, evidently, did not have time to investigate before it indulged in its editorializing on the subject.

"Meantime, the quieter forces of the community are efficiently at work. The employment bureau of the American Legion is placing more men each day than 'Mr. Zero' has offered at 'auction'—mostly with no takers," runs the *Times* editorial. What are the facts? They are these: On Monday, September 19, four days after the *Times* thus declared, the American Legion in Boston staged a monster parade of unemployed veterans. It began public plans for this parade September 10. Now, if the American Legion was placing more men than "Mr. Zero" offered at "auction," why did it have to stage this parade in Boston, and why did it indulge in a torrent of denunciation of authorities for causing men who have fought for their country to suffer for lack of food and work?

As for there being "mostly no takers," here is another fact which the *Times* was too hurried to verify. Mr. Ledoux has placed at work since he started his auctions in Boston nearly 150 men. At every one of those "auctions," practically every man offered to the public was given help, in financial form, as well as a job and shelter for a period of two weeks. From his Church of the Unemployed in this city men are being sent forth daily to jobs which his effort has located.

These are facts. Anyone who would take the trouble to read the front page stories of the New York *Times* on September 9 or 10 might have been able to guess this. Anyone taking the trouble to read practically any of the papers published in Boston during the past six days would have known better than to indulge in such editorial balderdash.

Boston, September 15 JAMES H. POWERS

PLEXO

You Can Not Afford to Neglect Your Skin

Nor can you be too careful in the selection of your complexion creams.

Plexo Cleansing (Cold) and Plexo Greaseless (Vanishing) Creams used in conjunction with each other cleanse the skin thoroughly and enhance its natural healthy and youthful appearance.

In jars and tubes
At Drug and Dept. Stores

"For the Woman Who Cares"

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International Relations Section

Repression in the Jugoslav State

THE Jugoslav National Assembly passed, on August 3, a "Law for the Protection of the State," which is perhaps the severest repressive law at present in force in Europe or America. The significance of Article 16 as a weapon against labor is greater because of the fact that a mere ministerial decree may, under Jugoslav law, at any time "militarize" any industry. All the railroads and mines, for instance, were militarized by decree on December 27, 1920. The Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung* of August 2, from which and from the issue of August 11 the following text is translated, comments that "the barbaric mediaeval character of this law is particularly obvious in the fact that any individual who is suspected of having violated the law and is sought by justice is thereupon considered and treated as a criminal even before the court has confirmed his guilt." The Communists, who are outlawed by this law, had, at the time of its passage, 58 members in parliament, and had elected mayors in several of the largest Jugoslav cities. The law is also directed against the nationalist movements in Croatia, in Bosnia, and in Macedonia.

ARTICLE I. The following activities will be considered crimes within the meaning of this law: (1) Writing, printing, publishing, or distributing books, papers, notices which are of such a nature as to excite hatred of the state or to cause violent demonstrations against the institutions of state prescribed in the Constitution, or to menace the public peace and order; also all anarchist propaganda by the spoken word, or any attempt to convince others that the crime of violence or any form of terrorism is the best means of changing the political or economic structure; (2) the organization, or support of, or membership in, a society which has as its purpose propaganda for communism, anarchism, terrorism, or any of the activities mentioned above; (3) the renting or transfer in any form of buildings or rooms for meetings of persons concerned in preparation or work for any of the purposes mentioned above, if the owner knows the purpose of the renter, or if, after discovery of the purpose he does not report it to the authorities; (4) all propaganda intended to cause mutiny, unrest, or discontent among the soldiers, or to keep citizens or soldiers from their military duties, or to sabotage, hinder, or lessen the manufacture, repair, or transport of military material or provisions, and in general all antimilitarist propaganda; (5) all relations with persons or groups abroad who purpose aid or support of the preparation of a revolution in this country or of any of the activities named above; and all support by persons in the territory of our kingdom of persons or groups abroad which work against public order in our state; (6) all manufacture or assemblage of arms, tools, machines, and explosives for the execution of the purposes mentioned above, and their concealment.

ART. 2. Such activities shall be punished by death or by imprisonment in the House of Correction up to twenty years, and in lighter cases by short imprisonment and loss of civil rights. In such cases the court may set fines of from one to ten thousand dinars. The corpora delicti will be confiscated. In urgent cases house searches may be made at night.

ART. 3. (1) In order to safeguard and assure the extirpation of those prosecuted by the courts, the demolition of peasant houses standing alone may be ordered in regions or communities in which such individuals appear, or conceal, or maintain themselves. Before such measures are taken, however, the political or judicial office concerned is required to give the population of the village fifteen days' notice. If within this period the person sought by the court has not been arrested, or has not surrendered himself or been killed, the demolition may follow. (2) Relatives of the individual sought by the court, to the fourth degree of direct or collateral lineage, will be deported to other districts, as will inhabitants of houses against whom there is reasonable suspicion that they have concealed arms, munitions, or an armed person sought by justice, or any criminal. (3) If deportation of such relatives or of inhabitants of suspicious houses does not prove sufficient to obtain delivery or destruction of those sought by justice, and if it appears that the entire village or a settlement supports the person sought by justice the inhabitants of the entire village or settlement will be driven from their homes. Such a decision should be brought to the attention of the Minister of the Interior by the local commander within three days, and the decision becomes valid upon obtaining his approval. Other loyal citizens may be settled in the houses and possessions of those thus deported after other places have been found, in agreement with the Minister of the Interior, for those deported. Persons thus removed from their homes may return only after permission has been granted them by the Minister of the Interior, and then only if there is no danger to public law and order. Whoever shall return to his home without such permission shall be punished by one year imprisonment and shall be returned to the place assigned him.

ART. 4. Concealment of armed persons and of persons sought by justice shall be punished by not more than ten years' imprisonment and by a fine of not more than 10,000 dinars.

ART. 5. In regions where the inadmissable custom of blood revenge persists, and where murder is done or attempted by a child or minor, if it is impossible to prove the joint guilt of others, the child's or minor's father or his male relative to the fourth degree of direct or collateral lineage may be punished by from one to ten years' imprisonment if there is reason to believe that the minor committed the deed because of improper attention of the aforementioned relative.

ART. 6. The state police authorities may ask military forces of the nearest military commandant if their own forces are inadequate to maintain order.

ART. 7. The population of villages or districts to which military forces are sent for the maintenance of order are obligated to receive and feed the soldiers in their houses and at their cost to the limit of their resources.

ART. 8. All other expenses arising out of the disposal of the military force are to be borne by the population; but if order is rapidly restored they will be freed from the payment of these expenses, which will be borne by the state treasury, and those articles which had already been given to the military forces will be restored to them. Persons convicted for actions which caused the use of military force are liable for the expense caused to the state and the population by the calling in of the army. Upon the request of the Minister of Home Affairs, the Minister of the Army and Navy will allow a sufficient number of soldiers to enter the gendarmerie and to serve their terms in that body.

ART. 9. Drunkards and others who cannot prove that they have an honorable means of subsistence may be punished with not more than three months' imprisonment; if vagabonds prove to be morally inferior they may, after serving their term of imprisonment, be transferred to a compulsory labor institution. Vagabonds of minor age thus seized may be sent to institutions up to their twenty-fourth year without legal punishment.

[ARTS. 10 to 13 treat of the illegal use of explosive material, involving imprisonment of at least five years, and if many persons are thereby endangered, of at least ten years.]

ART. 14. Whoever carries firearms without official permission or conceals them in his house shall be imprisoned for not more than one year.

ART. 15. Whoever violates the regulations regarding the

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manufacture, importation, and sale of powder shall be further punished by a fine of from 10,000 to 100,000 dinars. The court may also impose this fine in cases under Article 14.

ART. 16. Civil or military officials of the state or of autonomous administrations in so far as they exercise state functions, who individually or collectively interrupt their work for the purpose of a strike shall be punished by imprisonment, and their immediate chiefs shall also be punished by a fine of not more than 15,000 dinars.

ART. 17. If persons who are not forbidden to strike seek to disturb other persons in their work, they shall be punished by not more than six months' imprisonment and also with the penalties prescribed for the maintenance of the public order. If such persons do not immediately obey official order to leave places where they have improperly assembled, they shall be punished by not more than one year's imprisonment and by a fine not to exceed 3,000 dinars.

ART. 18. No member of the Communist Party or of any organization forbidden by this law, may fulfil a public post or function: he may not become a deputy or representative of any autonomous body. This applies also to officials of private institutions which enjoy special privileges from the state. Persons now occupying such positions will when this law comes into effect be removed from such positions. Officials thus removed may protest to the State Council but the protest does not delay their removal.

ART. 19. Whoever shall in any public meeting in an open or closed hall, or anywhere else, wear or display any sign, flag, or inscription as a protest against the organized state power or as a sign of challenge in order to influence public opinion to believe that the present system is bad and should be replaced by another by means of revolution, by abolition of private property, or by disturbance of the public peace, shall be punished by imprisonment or by fine not to exceed 50,000 dinars or both.

ART. 20. Participation in manifestations such as described in the preceding paragraph shall be punished by imprisonment not to exceed one year, a fine not to exceed 3,000 dinars, or both.

ART. 21. If the proper authorities have forbidden a manifestation contrary to the interest of the state, all who participate in such a manifestation or who do not obey on order to disperse, shall be punished by imprisonment; leaders and unruly persons shall further suffer a fine not to exceed 5,000 dinars.

ART. 22. If the administrative authorities determine that an organization or a trade union has altered its legally permissible purposes and is beginning secretly or publicly to concern itself with impermissible or legal activities, such organization shall be dissolved by the authorities. Within three days the legal representatives of the organization may protest the decree of dissolution to the lowest court; the authorities may appeal the decision of that court to the Court of Appeals. The legal representatives of a dissolved organization shall be punished for their improper activities by arrest and by fine not to exceed 5,000 dinars in so far as no more serious action impends.

[ART. 23 repeals the provincial laws conflicting with the present law.]

ART. 24. If a person pursued in connection with the Press Law is asked to a hearing, and nevertheless hides or flees or remains three days out of his dwelling, and if this be officially confirmed, then the decisions of the court shall be posted upon the door of his house and shall thereupon become legally valid.

[ART. 25 repeals those provisions of the Serbian Press Law which conflict with the preceding article.]

ART. 26. The courts shall decide according to their judicial judgment all questions concerning the penalties inflicted in proceedings in connection with this law. If the court shall find grounds for moderating the punishment, imprisonment in the House of Correction may be modified to mere imprisonment.

ART. 27. All provisions of the general criminal code and all other criminal laws, including the Press Law and the Coalition Law, which conflict with this law, are abrogated for the period of validity of this law.

Persia's Answer to Lord Curzon

THE following editorial from the *Star of Persia*, reprinted in the London *Times* of August 20, is typical of the comment which the Teheran press gave to Lord Curzon's speech in the House of Lords on July 26, in which the British Foreign Minister attempted to explain Great Britain's forced withdrawal from Persia as a result of the Persian Government's refusal to ratify the Anglo-Persian Agreement of 1919. Parts of Lord Curzon's speech were printed in the International Relations Section for September 7.

Lord Curzon described himself as a friend of Persia. When he was in opposition to Sir Edward Grey who signed the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 he was friendly only in words. When he himself took charge of English policy he maintained an unpopular Government in Teheran and covered Persia, north, south, east, and west, with British and Indian troops and invented the South Persian Rifles. He compared Mr. Armitage-Smith [the recent British Treasurer-General of Persia] to Colonel Shuster [the American Treasurer-General who went to Teheran in 1911] who was a servant of the Persian Parliament, honored and trusted by all Persians, and expelled by a brutal ultimatum in 1911 which was the joint work of England and Czarist Russia. Lord Curzon himself admits that the Anglo-Persian Agreement is invalid without ratification by the Persian Parliament. Why, then, did he send Mr. Armitage-Smith without this ratification, and send him back when he returned to England, and why does he still urge him on Persia?

Lord Curzon suggests that Persia is the catspaw of a Moscow alien. . . . Are not the British and Indians aliens, or is it only Russians? Lord Curzon thinks we are the tool of an alien because the Cossack division is now officered by Persians, whereas, if it had British officers, he would call it a Persian force. We are not such fools that we do not know our friends and cannot tell the difference between a treaty signed with Russia, from which, Lord Curzon threatens us, we shall ultimately suffer, and the English treaty, which was an instrument of English colonial policy and would have destroyed our independence forthwith.

England by the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, the ultimatum of 1911, and the Agreement of 1919, the formation of the South Persian Rifles, the dispatch of Mr. Armitage-Smith, the covering of Persia with Indian troops, the obstruction of reforms and foreign loans, and by the action of the British authorities in Persia made the Persian nation understand that the English Government is not interested in promoting Persia's greatness and strength, but wants to make Persia a second Egypt for the development of its colonial policy. The English Government wants Persia to have an organized army, but under British officers, like the South Persian Rifles, and subject to the commands of the Government of India. It wants Persia to have sound finances, but, like Egypt, under English Government supervision and with English advisers as administrators. It wants Persia to have railways, but will not permit a concession to any foreign company except the English, or to any international association. It wants Persia's mines developed, but, like the Ahwaz oil, this must only be by English companies so that it may keep control over the Persian Government's expenditure. It welcomes a revision of Persia's customs tariff, provided this favors British trade.

These are the views of the English Government, whose Secretary of State says that no Western Power has worked so disinterestedly to revive the life and greatness of any Oriental country. The Persian nation, with great thanks, declines this disinterestedness, these efforts for such a revival, and such a life. It desires to maintain friendly relations with the Durbar of London, and not be the dangerous tool of Britain's enemies, but it will not pledge all its economic resources to

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Britain. It desires that the doors of its riches shall be open to all nations, and wishes to interest the commerce of all in its economic development.

In the Czar's Pay

THE following secret cipher telegrams, said to have been found in the files of the Russian Foreign Office in Moscow, were published in *l'Humanité* (Paris) for August 6, 1921, shortly after the return of the delegates of the French Communist Party from the Congress of the Third International in Moscow. The Paris paper referred to, the *Temps*, is still regarded as the most authoritative of French papers on questions of international politics, and its editorial expressions are usually described as "semi-official," and are supposed to be "inspired" by the French Foreign Office, rarely assuming a position contrary to that taken by the Government.

SECRET TELEGRAM TO THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT PARIS

August 29, 1916, No. 3934/410/403 Confidential. The Petrograd correspondent of the *Temps*, acting upon instructions from his office, has raised the question of subsidizing his paper to the extent of 150,000 francs per year for a period of two years, in exchange for which his office would agree to print 72 telegrams from Petrograd per year discussing foreign policy from our point of view. The project would be realized through the Balkan Telegraphic Agency which would open an office at Petrograd. Furthermore Rivet [Charles Rivet, Russian writer for the *Temps*] has assured us that his office would be willing to print notes and correspondence upon Russian internal policy so long as they were not directly contrary to its policy. This might be advantageous for us, especially when peace conditions are discussed. We should like to know how important is the influence of the *Temps*, for we fear that the office would not urge such a proposition so insistently unless its financial credit were disturbed. Please communicate your views on this subject without forgetting that the paper is already indirectly subsidized by our Ministry of Finance and that the telegraphic expenses of its Petrograd correspondent are paid by us.

(Signed) NERATOV

SECRET TELEGRAM FROM THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT PARIS

6/19 September, 1916. No. 666. Your telegram 3934 received. Since the death of Senator Hebrard, editor-in-chief of the *Temps*, two years ago, the paper has been passing through a crisis. Its circulation, which rose markedly at the beginning of the war, has fallen considerably since then and rumors of its financial difficulties have for some time been current here. Its chief collaborators are already acting upon this and are beginning to write for other papers, too. Its uncompromising resis-

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tance to the income tax has hurt the paper from the point of view of domestic policy. Despite all this, and despite the fact that many think its present situation irreparable, there is no other daily paper which could take its place and it is not probable that another will grow up and assume a definitive position before the peace discussions begin. In foreign matters it is one of the most influential organs and from that point of view the matter suggested might be profitable to us, but only upon certain questions. As your telegram suggests, the support of the paper cannot be counted upon in certain matters, and these the most important from our point of view, such as the Polish and Jewish questions. Having explained the state of affairs to you I am rather embarrassed to favor the acceptance of the *Temps's* proposition, the more so because if it were divulged the purchase by us of a paper in an allied country might have a bad effect upon the government and upon French public opinion. Because of this last consideration I think it important that the Embassy be kept informed of the matter. (Signed) ISVOLSKY

Contributors to This Issue

RUDOLPH BREITSCHEID is the leader of the Independent Socialists in the Reichstag.

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The Literary Review

OF THE

New York Evening Post

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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N-O-12-21

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921.

State of New York, } ss:
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Ernest H. Gruening, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Business Managers—None.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1921.

[Seal] James W. Jennings.

(My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

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Fall Book Supplement

Contemporary American Novelists

By CARL VAN DOREN

X. THE REVOLT FROM THE VILLAGE: 1920

1

THE newest style in American fiction dates from the appearance, in 1915, of "Spoon River Anthology," though it required five years for the influence of that book to pass thoroughly over from poetry to prose. For nearly half a century native literature had been faithful to the cult of the village, celebrating its delicate merits with sentimental affection and with unwearied interest digging into odd corners of the country for persons and incidents illustrative of the essential goodness and heroism which, so the doctrine ran, lie beneath unexciting surfaces. Certain critical dispositions, aware of agrarian discontent or given to a preference for cities, might now and then lay disrespectful hands upon the life of the farm; but even these generally hesitated to touch the village, sacred since Goldsmith in spite of Crabbe, sacred since Harriet Beecher Stowe in spite of E. W. Howe. The village seemed too cosy a microcosm to be disturbed. There it lay in the mind's eye, neat, compact, organized, traditional: the white church with tapering spire, the sober schoolhouse, the smithy of the ringing anvil, the corner grocery, the cluster of friendly houses, the venerable parson, the wise physician, the canny squire, the grasping landlord softened or outwitted in the end, the village belle, gossip, atheist, idiot, jovial fathers, gentle mothers, merry children, cool parlors, shining kitchens, spacious barns, lavish gardens, fragrant summer dawns, and comfortable winter evenings. These were elements not to be discarded lightly, even by those who perceived that time was discarding many of them as the industrial revolution went on planting ugly factories alongside the prettiest brooks, bringing in droves of aliens who used unfamiliar tongues and customs, and fouling the atmosphere with smoke and gasoline. Mr. Howe in "The Story of a Country Town" had long ago made it cynically clear—to the few who read him—that villages which prided themselves upon their pioneer energy might in fact be stagnant backwaters or dusty centers of futility, where existence went round and round while elsewhere the broad current moved away from them. Mark Twain in "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" had more recently put it bitterly on record that villages which prided themselves upon their simple virtues might from lack of temptation have become a hospitable soil for meanness and falsehood, merely waiting for the proper seed. And Clarence Darrow in his elegiac "Farmington" had insisted that one village at least had been the seat of as much restless longing as of simple bliss. "Spoon River Anthology" in its different dialect did little more than to confirm these mordant, neglected testimonies.

That Mr. Masters was not neglected must be explained in part, of course, by his different dialect. The Greek anthology had suggested to him something which was, he said, "if less than verse, yet more than prose"; and he went, with the step of genius, beyond any "formal resuscitation of the Greek epigrams, ironical and tender, satirical and sympathetic, as casual experiments in unrelated themes," to an "epic rendition of modern life" which suggests the novel in its largest aspects. An admirable scheme occurred to him: he would imagine a graveyard such as every American village has and would equip it with epitaphs of a ruthless veracity such as no village ever saw put into words. The effect was as if all the few honest epitaphs in the world had suddenly come together in one place and sent up a shout of revelation. Conventional readers had the thrill of being shocked and of finding an opportunity to defend the customary reticences; ironical readers had the delight of coming upon a host of witnesses to the contrast which irony perpetually observes between appearance and reality; readers militant for the "truth" discovered an occasion to demand that pious fictions should be done away with and the naked facts exposed to the sanative glare of noon. And all these readers, most of them unconsciously no doubt, shared the fearful joy of sitting down at an almost incomparably abundant feast of scandal. Where now were the mild decencies of Tiverton, of Old Chester, of Friendship Village? The roofs and walls of Spoon River were gone and the passersby saw into every bedroom; the closets were open and all the skeletons rattled undenied; brains and breasts had unlocked themselves and set their most private treasures out for the most public gaze.

It was the scandal and not the poetry of "Spoon River," criticism may suspect, which particularly spread its fame. Mr. Masters used an especial candor in affairs of sex, an instinct which, secretive everywhere, has rarely ever been so much so as in the American villages of fiction, where love ordinarily exhibited itself in none but the chastest phases, as if it knew no savage vagaries, transgressed no ordinances, shook no souls out of the approved routines. Reaction from too much sweet drove Mr. Masters naturally to too much sour; sex in Spoon River slinks and festers, as if it were an instinct which had not been schooled—however imperfectly—by thousands of years of human society to some modification of its rages and some civil direction of its restless power. But here as with the other aspects of behavior in his village, he showed himself impatient, indeed violent, toward all subterfuges. There is filth, he said in effect, behind whited sepulchers; drag it into the light and such illusions will no longer trick the uninstructed into paying honor where no honor appertains and will no longer beckon the deluded to an imitation of careers which are actually unworthy. Spoon River has not even the outward comeliness which the village of tradition should possess: it is slack and shabby. Nor is its decay chronicled in any mood of tender pathos. What strikes its chronicler most is the general demoralization of the town. Except for a few saints and poets, whom he acclaims with a lyric ardor, the population is sunk in greed and hypocrisy and—as if this were actually the worst of all—complacent apathy. Spiritually it dwindles and rots; externally it clings to a pitiless decorum which veils its faults and almost makes it overlook them, so great has the breach come to be between its practices and its professions. Again and again its poet goes back to the heroic founders of Spoon River, back to the days which nurtured Lincoln, whose shadow lies mighty, beneficent, too

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often unheeded, over the degenerate sons and daughters of a smaller day; and from an older, robuster integrity Mr. Masters takes a standard by which he morosely measures the purposelessness and furtiveness and supineness and dulness of the village which has forgotten its true ancestors. Anger like his springs from a poetic elevation of spirit; toward the end "Spoon River Anthology" rises to a mystical vision of human life by comparison with which the scavenging epitaphs of the first half seem, though witty, yet insolent and trivial. It is perhaps not necessary to point out that the numerous poets and novelists who have learned a lesson from the book have learned it less powerfully from the difficult later pages than from those in which the text is easiest.

Mr. Masters himself has not always remembered the harder and better lesson. During a half dozen years he has published a half dozen books which have all inherited the credit of the "Anthology" but which all betray the turbulent, nervous habit of experimentation which makes up a large share of his literary character. There comes to mind—if one may borrow and abridge a discussion published here some months ago—the figure of a blindfolded Apollo, eager and lusty, who continually runs forward on the trail of poetry and truth but who, because of his blindfoldedness, only now and then strikes the central track and throws out memorable flashes. Four of Mr. Masters's later books are collections of miscellaneous verse; during the fruitful year 1920 he undertook two longer flights of fiction. In "Mitch Miller" he attempted in prose to write a new "Tom Sawyer" for the Spoon River district; in "Domesday Book" he applied the method of "The Ring and the Book" to the material of Starved Rock. The impulse of the first must have been much the same as Mark Twain's: a desire to catch in a stouter net than memory itself the recollections of boyhood which haunt disillusioned men. But as Mr. Masters is immensely less boylike than Mark Twain, elegy and argument thrust themselves into the chronicle of Mitch and Skeet, with an occasional tincture of a fierce hatred felt toward the politics and theology of Spoon River. A story of boyhood, that lithe, muscular age, cannot carry such a burden of doctrine. The narrative is tangled in a snarl of moods. Its movement is often thick, its wings often gummed and heavy. The same qualities may be noted in "Domesday Book." Its scheme and machinery are promising: a philosophical coroner, holding his inquest over the body of a girl found mysteriously dead, undertakes to trace the mystery not only to its immediate cause but up to its primary source and out to its remotest consequences. At times the tales means to be an allegory of America during the troubled, roiled, destroying years of the war; at times it means to be a "census spiritual" of American society. Elenor Murray, in her birth and love and sufferings and desperate end, is represented as pure nature, "essential genius," acting out its fated processes in a world of futile or corrupting inhibitions. But Mr. Masters has less skill at portraying the sheer genius of an individual than at arraigning the inhibitions of the individual's society. When he steps down from his watch-tower of irony he can hate as no other American poet does. His hates, however, do not always pass into poetry; they too frequently remain hard, sullen masses of animosity not fused with his narrative but standing out from it and adding an unmistakable personal rhythm to the rough beat of his verse. So, too, do his heaps of turgid learning and his scientific speculations often remain undigested. A good many of his characters are cut to fit the narrative plan, not chosen from reality to make up the narrative. The total effect is often crude and heavy; and yet beneath these uncompleted surfaces are the sinews of enormous power; a greedy gusto for life, a wide imaginative experience, tumultuous uprushes of emotion and expression, an acute if undisciplined intelligence, great masses of the veritable stuff of existence. No one need be surprised if Mr. Masters finally elects to become a novelist and goes far in that direction.

2.

"Spoon River Anthology" has called forth a smaller number of deliberate imitations than might have been expected, and even they have utilized its method with a difference. Sherwood Anderson, for example, in "Winesburg, Ohio" speaks in accents and rhythms obstinately his own, though his book is in effect, the "Anthology" "transprosed." Instead of inventing Winesburg immediately after Spoon River became famous, he began his career more regularly, with the novels "Windy McPherson's Son" and "Marching Men," in which he employed what has become the formula of revolt for recent naturalism. In both stories a superior youth, of rebellious energy and somewhat inarticulate ambition, detaches himself in disgust from his native village and makes his way to the city in search of that wealth which is the only thing the village has ever taught him to desire though it is unable to gratify his desires itself; and in both the youth, turned man, finds himself sickening with his prize in his hands and looks about him for some clue to the meaning of the mad world in which he has succeeded without satisfaction. Sam McPherson, after a futile excursion through the proletariat in search of the peace which he has heard accompanies honest toil, settles down to the task of bringing up some children he has adopted and thus of forcing himself "back into the ranks of life." Beaut McGregor, refusing a handsome future at the bar, sets out to organize the workers of Chicago into marching men who drill in the streets and squares at night that they may be prepared for action if only they can find some sort of goal to march upon. These novels ache with the sense of a dumb confusion in America; with a consciousness "of how men, coming out of Europe and given millions of square miles of black fertile land mines and forests, have failed in the challenge given them by fate and have produced out of the stately order of nature only the sordid disorder of man." Out of this ache of confusion comes no lucidity. Sam McPherson is not sure but that he will find parenthood as petty as business was brutal; Beaut McGregor sets his men to marching and their orderly step resounds through the final chapters of his career as here recorded, but no one knows what will come of it—they advance and wheel and retreat as blindly as any horde of peasants bound for a war about which they do not know the causes, in a distant country of which they have never heard the name. Mr. Anderson worked in his first books as if he were assembling documents on the eve of revolution. Village peace and stability have departed; ancient customs break or fade; the leaven of change stirs the lump.

From such arguments he turned aside to follow Mr. Masters into verse with "Mid-American Chants" and into scandal with "Winesburg, Ohio." But touching scandal with beauty as his predecessor touched it with irony, Mr. Anderson constantly transmutes it. The young man who here sets out to make his fortune has not greatly hated

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Winesburg, and the imminence of his departure throws a vaguely golden mist over the village, which is seen in considerable measure through his generous if inexperienced eyes. A newspaper reporter, he directs his principal curiosity toward items of life outside the commonplace and thus offers Mr. Anderson the occasion to explore the moral and spiritual hinterlands of men and women who outwardly walk paths strict enough. If the life of the tribe is unadventurous, he seems to say, there is still the individual, who, perhaps all the more because of the rigid decorums forced upon him, may adventure with secret desires through pathless space. Only, the pressure of too many inhibitions can distort human spirits into grotesque forms. The inhabitants of Winesburg tend toward the grotesque, now this organ of the soul enlarged beyond all symmetry, now that wasted away in a desperate disuse. They see visions which in some wider world might become wholesome realities or might be dispelled by the light but which in Winesburg must lurk about till they master and madden with the strength which the darkness gives them. Religion, deprived in Winesburg of poetry, fritters its time away over Pharisaic ordinances or evaporates in cloudy dreams; sex, deprived of spontaneity, settles into fleshly habit or tortures its victim with the malice of a thwarted devil; heroism of deed or thought either withers into melancholy inaction or else protects itself with a sullen or ridiculous bravado. Yet even among such pitiful surroundings Mr. Anderson walks tenderly. He honors youth, he feels beauty, he understands virtue, he trusts wisdom, when he comes upon them. He broods over his creatures with affection, though he makes no luxury of illusions. Much as he has detached himself from the cult of the village, he still cherishes the memories of some specific Winesburg. Much as he has detached himself from the hazy national optimism of an elder style in American thinking, he still cherishes a confidence in particular persons. "Winesburg, Ohio" springs from the more intimate regions of his mind and is consequently more humane and less doctrinaire than his earlier novels. It has a similar superiority over the book he wrote for 1920, "Poor White," which returns to the device of a bewildered strong man rising from a dull obscurity, successful but unsatisfied. At the same time, "Poor White" proceeds from an imagination which had been warmed with the creation of Winesburg and its people, and is richer, fuller, deeper than the angular sagas of McPherson and McGregor. It does not yet show that Mr. Anderson can construct a large plot nor that his vision comes with a steady gleam; it shows, rather, that he is still fumbling in the confusion of current life to get hold of something true and simple and to make it clear. Perhaps he tried in "Poor White" to manipulate a larger bulk than he is yet ready for. Perhaps because he was aware of that he has worked in his latest book, "The Triumph of the Egg," with a variety of brief themes. At least it is certain that he keeps on advancing in his art. Although life has not hardened for him, and he sees it still flowing or whirling, he steadily sharpens his outlines and perfects the fierce intensity of his style.

3.

With "The Anthology of Another Town" E. W. Howe, obviously on the suggestion of Spoon River, returned to the caustic analysis of American village life which he may be said to have inaugurated in "The Story of a Country Town" almost forty years before. Then he had been young enough to feel it necessary to invent romantic embroideries for his grim tale, something as Emily Brontë under somewhat similar circumstances has done for "Wuthering Heights"—the novel which Mr. Howe's story most resembles. But all his inventions were stern, full of a powerful dissatisfaction, merciless toward the idyllic versions of country life which sweetened the decade of the eighties. Even among the pioneers whom Mr. Masters idealizes there were, according to the older man, slackness and shabbiness, and at the first opportunity to take their ease in the new world they had won from nature they sank down, too nerveless for passion or violence, into the easy vices: idleness, whining, gossip, drunkenness, sodden inutility. Against such qualities Mr. Howe has from the first proceeded with the doctrines of another Franklin, but of a Franklin without whimsical persuasions or elegant graces. Having apparently come to the conclusion that he was a failure as a novelist because he made no great stir with his experiments in that trade, he confined himself to more or less orthodox journalism for a generation, and then, retiring, founded his organ of "information and indignation"—*E. W. Howe's Monthly*—and began to pour forth the stream of aphoristic honesty which makes him easily first among the rural sages. In no sense, of course, does he assume the cosmopolitan and international attitude which most of the naturalists assume: "Provincialism," he curtly says, "is the best thing in the world." Nor is he in any of the casual senses a radical: "In everything in which man is interested, the world knows what is best for him . . . Millions of men have lived millions of years, and tried everything." Neither has he any patience with speculation for its own sake: "There are no mysteries. Where does the wind come from? It doesn't matter: we know the habits of wind after it arrives." As to politics: "The people are always worsted in an election." As to altruism: "The long and the short of it is, whoever catches the fool first is entitled to shear him." As to love: "We cannot permit love to run riot; we must build fences around it, as we do around pigs." As to money: "In theory, it is not respectable to be rich. In fact, poverty is a disgrace." As to literature: "Poets are prophets whose prophesying never comes true." As to prudence: "Trying to live a spiritual life in a material world is the greatest folly I know anything about." As to persistent hopefulness: "Pessimism is always nearer the truth than optimism."

When the author of such aphorisms undertook to write another anthology about another town he naturally avoided the mystical elevation of Spoon River as well as its verse; he used the irony of a disillusioned man and the directness of a bullet. His scheme was not to assemble epitaphs for the dead of the village but to tell crisp anecdotes of the living. He had no iniquities in the human order to assail, since he believes that that order is just enough and that it rarely hurts anyone who does not deserve to be hurt by reason of some avoidable imbecility. He made no specialty of scandal; he did not inquire curiously into the byways of sex; he let pathology alone. He appears in the book to be—as he is in the flesh—a wise old man letting his memory run through the town and recalling bits of decent, illuminating gossip. He is willing to tell a fantastic yarn with a dry face or to tuck a tragedy in a sentence; to repeat some village legend in his own low tones or to puncture some village bubble with a cynical inquiry. Yet for all his acceptance and tolerance of the village, he is far from helping to continue the sentimental traditions concerning it. The common sense which he considers the basis of all philosophy—"If it

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isn't common sense, it isn't philosophy"—he has the gift of expounding in a language which is piercingly individual. It strips his village of trivial local color and reduces it to the simplest terms—making it out a more or less fortuitous congregation of human beings of whom some work and some play, some behave themselves and some do not, some consequently prosper and some fail, some are happy and some are miserable. His village is not dainty, like a poem, for the reason that he believes no village ever was; at least he has never seen one like that. Downrightness like his is death to mere pretty notions about tribes and towns quite as truly as are the positive indictments brought against them by Mr. Masters and Mr. Anderson. If Mr. Howe is less vivid than those two, because he distrusts passion and poetry, he is also quieter and surer. "I am not an Agnostic; I *know*. . . . I have lived a long time, and my real problems have always been simple."

4.

"Spoon River Anthology" was a collection of poems, "Winesburg, Ohio," was a collection of short stories, "The Anthology of Another Town" was a collection of anecdotes. It remained for a novel in the customary form, Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," to bring to hundreds of thousands the protest against the village which these books brought to thousands. Mr. Lewis, like Mr. Masters, clearly has revenges to take upon the narrow community in which he grew up, nourished, no doubt, on the complacency native to such neighborhoods and yet increasingly resentful. Less poetical than his predecessor, the younger novelist went further in both his specifications and his generalizations. Instead of brooding closely, ironically, profoundly, under the black wings of the thought of death, Mr. Lewis satisfies himself with a slashing portrait of Gopher Prairie done to the life with the fingers of ridicule. He has photographic gifts of accuracy; he has all the arts of mimicry; he has a tireless gusto in his pursuit of the tedious commonplace. Each item of his evidence is convincing, and the accumulation is irresistible. No other American small town has been drawn with such exactness of detail in any other American novel. Various elements of scandal crop out here and there, but the principal accusation which Mr. Lewis brings against his village—and indeed against all villages—is that of being dull. "It is contentment . . . the contentment of the quiet dead, who are scornful of the living for their restless walking. It is negation canonized as the one positive virtue. It is the prohibition of happiness. It is slavery self-sought and self-defended. It is dulness made God." Not dulness itself so much as dulness militant and prospering arouses this satirist. The whole world, he believes, is being leveled by the march of machines into one monotonous uniformity, before which all the individual colors and graces and prides and habits flee—or would flee if there were any asylum still uninvaded. Thus Mr. Lewis's voice continues the opposition which Wordsworth raised to the coming of a railroad into his paradise among the Lakes and which Ruskin and Matthew Arnold and William Morris raised to the standardization of life which went on during their century. The American voice, however, speaks of American conditions. The villages of the Middle West, it asseverates, have been conquered and converted by the legions of mediocrity, and now, grown rich and vain, are setting out to carry the dingy banner, led by the booster's calliope and the evangelist's bass drum, farther than it has ever gone before—to make provincialism imperialistic; so that all the native and instinctive virtues, freedoms, powers must rally in their own defense.

Mr. Lewis hates such dulness—the village virus—as the saints hate sin. Indeed, it is with a sort of new Puritanism that he and his contemporaries wage against the dull a war something like that which certain of their elders once waged against the bad. Only a satiric anger helped out by the sense of being on crusade could have sustained the author of "Main Street" through the laborious compilation of those brilliant details which illustrate the complacency of Gopher Prairie and which seem less brilliant than laborious to bystanders not particularly concerned in his crusade. The question, of course, arises whether the ancient war upon stupidity is a better literary cause to fight in than the equally ancient war upon sin. Both narrow themselves to doctrinal contentions, forgetting for the moment that either being virtuous or being intelligent is but a half—or thereabouts—of existence, and that the two qualities are hopelessly intertwined. The greatest novelists, as they do not condemn lapses of virtue too harshly, so also do not too harshly condemn deficiencies of intelligence. With Fielding and Balzac and Tolstoi the common humanity of men and women is enough to make them fit for fiction. Mr. Lewis must be thought of as sitting in the seat of the scornful, with the satirists rather than with the poets; must be seen to have understood the earlier, vexed, sardonic "Spoon River" better than the later, calmer, loftier. Satire and moralism, however, have large rights in the domain of literature. Had Mr. Lewis lacked remarkable gifts he could never have written a book which got its vast popularity by assailing the populace. The reception of "Main Street" is a memorable episode in literary history. Thousands doubtless read it merely to quarrel with it; other thousands to find out what all the world was talking about; still other thousands to rejoice in a satire which they thought to be at the expense of stupid people never once identified with themselves; but that thousands and hundreds of thousands read it is proof enough that complacency was not absolutely victorious and that the war was on.

5.

Before "Main Street" Mr. Lewis had belonged to the smarter set among American novelists, writing much bright, colloquial, amusing chatter to be read by those who travel through books at the brisk pace of vaudeville. If it seems a notable achievement for a temper like Mr. Masters's to have drawn such a character into its serious wake, it seems yet more notable to have drawn in that of Zona Gale, who for something like a decade before "Spoon River Anthology" had had a comfortable standing among the sweeter set. She was the inventor of Friendship Village, one of the sweetest of all the villages from Miss Mitford and Mrs. Gaskell down. Friendship lay ostensibly in the Middle West, but it actually stood—if one may be pardoned an appropriate metaphor—upon the confectionery shelf of the fiction shop, preserved in a thick syrup and set up where a tender light could strike across it at all hours. In story after story Miss Gale varied the same device: that of showing how childlike children are, how sisterly are sisters, how brotherly are brothers, how motherly are mothers, how fatherly are fathers, how grandmotherly and grandfatherly are grandmothers and grandfathers, and how loverly are all true lovers of whatever age, sex, color, or condition. But beneath the human kindness which had permitted Miss Gale

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to fall into this technique, lay the sinews of a very subtle intelligence; and she needed only an example and a chance to be able to escape from her sugary preoccupations. Though the action of "Miss Lulu Bett" takes place in a different village, called Warbleton, it might as well have been in Friendship—in Friendship seen during a mood when its creator had grown weary of the eternal saccharine. Now and then, she realized, some spirit even in Friendship must come to hate all those idyllic posturings; now and then in some narrow bosom there must flash up the fires of youth and revolution. It is so with Lulu Bett, dim drudge in the house of her silly sister and of her sister's pompous husband: a breath of life catches at her and she follows it on a pitiful adventure which is all she has enough vitality to savor but which is nevertheless real and vivid in a waste of dulness. Here was an occasion to arraign Warbleton as Mr. Lewis was then arraigning Gopher Prairie; Miss Gale, instead of heaping up a multitude of indictments, categorized and docketed, followed the path of indirection which —by a paradoxical axiom of art—is a shorter cut than the highway of exposition or anathema. Her story is as spare as the virgin frame of Lulu Bett; her style is staccato in its lucid brevity, like Lulu's infrequent speeches; her eloquence is not that of a torrent of words and images but that of comic or ironic or tragic meaning packed in a syllable, a gesture, a dumb silence. Miss Gale riddles the tedious affectations of the Deacon household almost without a word of comment; none the less she exhibits them under a withering light. The daughter, she says, "was as primitive as pollen"—and biology rushes in to explain Di's blind philanderings. "In the conversations of Dwight and Ina," it is said of the husband and wife, "you saw the historical home forming in clots in the fluid wash of the community" —and anthropology holds the candle. Grandma Bett is, for the moment, the symbol of decrepit age, as Lulu is the symbol of bullied spinsterhood. Yet in the midst of applications so universal the American village is not forgotten, little as it is alluded to. If the Friendships are sweet and dainty, so are they—whether called Warbleton or something less satiric—dull and petty, and they fashion their Deacons no less than their Pelleases and Ettares. Thus hinting, Miss Gale, in her clear, flutelike way, joins the chorus in which others play upon noisier instruments.

6.

The year which saw the appearance of "Main Street" and "Miss Lulu Bett" saw also that of "The Age of Innocence," Edith Wharton's acid delineation of the village of Manhattan in the genteel seventies, given over to the "innocence that seals the mind against imagination and the heart against experience"; saw Mary Borden's "The Romantic Woman," with its cosmopolitan amusement at the village of Iroquois, otherwise Chicago; and saw Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf," which, standing on the other side of controversy, lacks not only the disposition to sentimentalize the village but even the disposition to ridicule it. If Mrs. Wharton was calculating from the meridian of Paris in her study of New York as a town too unimaginative to be anything but innocent, Miss Borden was calculating from London in her interpretation of Chicago as a community unable to take the sophisticated world for granted but still, like some self-conscious adolescent, worrying itself over the management of hands and feet. In the fashion of Henry James, at some removes her master, Miss Borden, even while exposing the clumsiness of her Americans, surveys with liking the simple virtues which are found in Chicago more frequently than in the circles of the world into which her heroine marries: the capacity for sainthood, bourgeois probity, the easy intercourse of different classes, ingenuous delight in new experiences. Still, she looks at Chicago from the post of a secure outsider, sometimes vexed, sometimes smiling, sometimes ready with approbation, but always critical. She belongs among the novelists of the new style: she hails, in a way, from the village and has hints of mystical fervor; she has, however, the hard outward manner of the worldling who has passed beyond village bounds.

Floyd Dell's emancipation is the fruit not so much of mere wider experience as of a revolutionary detachment from village standards. His detachment is too complete to have left traces of any such rupture as is implied in almost every paragraph of "Main Street." "Moon-Calf," recounting the adventures of a young poet in certain river counties and towns and villages of Illinois, touches without heat upon the spiritual and intellectual limitations of those neighborhoods. It settles no old scores. It relates an unconventional career without conventional reproaches and also without conventional heroics. Felix Fay dreams and blunders and suffers, but he goes on growing like a tree, pushing his head up through one level of development after another until he stands above the minor annoyances of his immaturity and looks out over a broader world. He has a soul which is naturally socialist, and yet he never loses himself in proclamations or statistics. He can be fresh and hopeful, and yet learn from the remarkable old men he encounters. He lives and loves with an instinctive freedom, and yet he holds himself equally secure from devastating extravagances and devastating repressions. Mr. Dell writes as if he had steadier nerves than most of the naturalists; as if he regarded their war upon the village as an ancient brawl which may now be assumed to have been as much settled as it ever will be. At least, it seems scarcely worth wrangling over. The spirit seeking to release itself from trivial conditions behaves most intelligently when it discreetly takes them into account and concerns itself with them only enough to escape entanglements. Mr. Dell leaves it to the moralists and the satirists to whip offenders, while he himself goes on to construct some monument of beauty upon the ground which moralism and satire are laboring to clear.

"Moon-Calf" is very beautiful. Felix has a poetic gift sufficient to warm the record with fine verses, and delicate susceptibilities upon which his adventures leave exquisite impressions. Even when his rebellion is at its highest pitch he wastes little energy in hating and so avoids the astringency and perturbation of a state of mind which is always perilous. To say Felix Fay is, of course, to mean Floyd Dell, for the narrative is obviously autobiographic at many points. But were it entirely invention, it would testify none the less to the affection with which this novelist feels his world and the lucidity with which he represents it. He has a genuine zest for human life, enjoying it, even when it invites mirth or anger, because of the form and color and movement which he perceives everywhere and particularly because of the solid texture of reality of which he is admirably aware. Hatred closes the eyes to a multitude of charms. If Mr. Dell suffered from it he could never have enriched his fabric as he has with so many circumstances chosen with an unargumentative hand; he could never have

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extracted so much drama out of dusty people. Had he been a sentimentalist he might have fallen into the soft processes of the local color school when it came to portraying the various communities through which Felix takes his way. Instead, the story is everywhere stiffened with intelligence. Felix has no adventures more exciting than his successive discoveries of new ideas. Even the women he loves fit into the pattern of his career as a thinking being, and he emerges, however moved, with a surer grasp of his expanding universe. That grasp would lack much of its confidence if Mr. Dell employed a style less masterly. As it is, he writes with a candid lucidity which everywhere lets in the light and with a grace which rounds off the edges that mark the pamphlet but not the work of art. He can be at once downright and graceful, at once sincere and impersonal, at once revolutionary and restrained, at once impassioned and reflective, at once enamored of truth and scrupulous for beauty.

7.

"Domesday Book," "Poor White," "The Anthology of Another Town," "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," "The Age of Innocence," "The Romantic Woman," and "Moon-Calf" would make 1920 remarkable even if that year had not brought forth novels of a still wider range; if it had not brought forth James Branch Cabell's richly symbolical romance "Figures of Earth" and Upton Sinclair's terrible indictment "100%." And though all these seem rather somber, there came along with them another novel in which were gaiety and high spirits and the fires of youth. F. Scott Fitzgerald in "This Side of Paradise" also had broken with the village. He wrote of his gilded boys and girls as if average decorum existed only to be shocked. But he made the curious discovery that undergraduates could have brains and still be interesting; that they need not give their lives entirely to games and adolescent politics; that they may have heard of Oscar Wilde as well as of Rudyard Kipling and of Rupert Brooke no less than of Alfred Noyes. Mr. Fitzgerald had indeed his element of scandal to tantalize the majority, who debated whether or not the rising generation could be as promiscuous in its behavior as he made out. It is the brains in the book, however, not the scandal, which finally count. His restless generation sparkles with inquiry and challenge. When its elders have let the world fall into chaos, why, youth questions, should it trust their counsels any longer? Mirth and wine and love are more pleasant than that hollow wisdom, and they may be quite as solid. "This Side of Paradise" comes to no conclusion; it ends in weariness and smoke, though at last Amory believes he has found himself in the midst of a wilderness of uncertainties. Yet how vivid a document the book is upon a whirling time, and how excellent an entertainment! The narrative flares up now into delightful verse and now into glittering comic dialogue. It shifts from passion to farce, from satire to lustrous beauty, from impudent knowingness to pathetic youthful humility. It is both alive and lively. Few things more significantly illustrate the moving tide of which the revolt from the village is a symptom than the presence of such unrest as this among these bright barbarians. The traditions which once might have governed them no longer hold. They break the patterns one by one and follow their wild desires. And as they play among the ruins of the old, they reason subtly about the new, laughing.

Books

Garrison the Rebel

William Lloyd Garrison. By John Jay Chapman. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

A SECOND, revised and enlarged, edition of the "William Lloyd Garrison" of John Jay Chapman? The mere suggestion sounds incredible in this day and generation, but here the volume is, fresh from The Atlantic Monthly Press. The ninth biography of the Abolitionist, Mr. Chapman's is by far the most incisive, the most understanding, and the most brilliant—and, as the original edition has long been out of print, its reappearance is thoroughly justified. Why then does it also seem incredible? Because every teaching of Mr. Garrison was in direct opposition to what the United States has done since 1914. An absolute pacifist even to the extent of non-resistance, he would, had he lived, have counseled his countrymen not to bear arms against Germany or Russia or anybody else. He would have put his faith beside that of the conscientious objectors, and he would without question have been in jail alongside of Eugene Debs. Indeed, it has been a marvel during these last few years that his statue has been allowed to remain on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. Surely only ignorance upon the part of the American Legion as to what Mr. Garrison was, and what he stood for, has permitted it to rest upon its foundation.

For the whole story of this man's life was a struggle against his country and its Constitution which made possible human slavery. Against the Mexican War he and his associates, Wendell Phillips, Whittier, Lowell, and all the rest rebelled with the utmost power they possessed. Then, as in 1861 and 1898, it was deemed the right of an American citizen freely to oppose the war policy of his Government, that is, of the administration then in power. Had there been a Mitchell Palmer in office during the Mexican War, which General Grant declared to be utterly indefensible, Lowell would have been jailed for his "Biglow Papers." Throughout the Civil War, Mr. Garrison and his pacifist associates bore their testimony against all wars, though rejoicing naturally in Union successes. Yet it was by Lincoln's invitation that Mr. Garrison took part in the re-hoisting of the flag upon Fort Sumter. Today few recall that Wendell Phillips wanted it chiseled upon his tombstone, if he died before Abolition came, that there lay a man "who was a traitor to a country that was a magnificent conspiracy against justice." How can any 100-per-center today hear with patience of the appearance of another volume concerning a member of such a group, who went so far in placing justice and freedom and human rights above any fealty to their government? Mr. Garrison actually publicly burned on July 4, 1854, a copy of our sacred Constitution which he had long denounced as a "covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell." For that offense in any year since 1916 he would have received a ten-year sentence at the hands of the nearest judge, besides being charged with pro-Germanism and being excoriated by our beloved society for the preservation of the Constitution, with headquarters in Washington, which has so solemnly kept its mouth shut about the incessant and flagrant violations and flauntings of the Constitution by Federal officials from President down.

It is no wonder, indeed, that one of Mr. Chapman's friends, on hearing that he was to write of Mr. Garrison, said to him: "A book about William Lloyd Garrison? Heave a brick at him for me!" For this Garrison was a rebel if ever there was one. He committed the deadliest sin in that he struck at property, the sacred right of a man to own his fellow human beings, and so all the respectables and the aristocrats of New York and Boston, and particularly the graduates of Harvard College, raged against him. He struck at all government when he defied his own and daily denounced and abused its institutions,

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[redacted] disrespect for the authorities, and taught passive [redacted] and disobedience to some of its statutes such as the [redacted] Slave Law. No such revolutionist against the very [redacted]ntals of society could expect anything else than that a [redacted]egislature would offer a reward of $5,000 for him, dead or alive, and that business and finance and "society" and their ally, the church, would ostracize or mob him. Of course, the defenders of the existing order of today want to heave bricks at his memory. They ought to wish to.

Yet the story of this man persists in a most discouraging and disheartening way. People continue to write about him and applaud him in German and Russian, in French and English, and Heaven knows what other languages, while the very names of those who imprisoned him and tried to lynch him have utterly disappeared. Mr. Chapman so far forgets himself as to write of Garrison as the "central figure in American life" and to say further: "If one could see a mystical presentation of the epoch, one would see Garrison as a Titan turning a giant grindstone or electrical power wheel, from which radiated vibrations in larger and in ever larger, more communicative circles and spheres of agitation, till there was not a man, woman, or child in America who was not a-tremble."

What does it all mean, this praise of a man who was a disturber of traffic, who would not let the country have domestic peace, who was a sworn enemy to the "normalcy" of his day, yet who somehow lives on as an American to his finger-tips? What, indeed, we ask ourselves as we read Mr. Chapman's preface to the new edition—also fortified by a much needed chronology and index. Mr. Chapman writes that it is not for Garrison that he is concerned, "but for a people that praises the prophets, builds altars to courage, enshrines the idea of the Individual Soul; but a people, it would seem, who cannot see a real man when he appears, because he makes them uncomfortable." He thinks, however, that "perhaps the shock and anguish of the Great War *which so humanized our nation* [italics ours] may have left us with a keener, more religious, and more dramatic understanding of our Anti-slavery period than we possessed prior to 1914." "The flames of the Great War," he continues, "have passed through us. The successive shocks of that experience struck upon our people till we resounded in unison like a great bell." This from the man who writes of Garrison with more insight, more eloquence, more true understanding, more passion, more enthusiasm than anyone else; the man who grasped the teachings of his hero best and yet understands them so little as not to see that they are utterly antagonistic to all the lessons and emotions and results of the Great War! Humanized us? Garrison would be the first to denounce the suggestion with all that vigor of denunciation which Mr. Chapman rightly declares to have been derived directly from his familiarity with the Bible. He would point out how completely the war has dehumanized us, has warped our noblest ideals, lowered our moral standards, enthroned reaction, fortified privilege, and made of our Government more a menace than Garrison's generation ever dreamed it could be to the liberties and progress of the America for which he gave all that he had, for whose moral sanitation he was ready at any hour to lay down his life. When Mr. Chapman himself cannot apply the lesson of Garrison's teaching to our history since 1914 what use is there of reprinting the story of the man of whom this biographer declares that he "left an imprint of his mind and character upon us as certain and as visible as the imprint left upon us by Washington himself"?

Mr. Chapman admits that, the "heroic echoes" of the Great War having died away, the nations appear "more cynical and more bent on petty aims than they were before the ordeal. . . . It appears just now as if all the tin-cans and dead dogs of humanity were exposed to view." Yet "the great heroic impulse of that war is not really lost"—the heroic war which Mr. Wilson himself admits had its origin in sordid economic rivalry! Well, Garrison would know best how to reply to his generous biographer. He would say that no "agreement with Death and covenant with Hell" in the shape of a resort to war would ever settle a single moral issue, elevate a people a fraction of an inch, give rise to any genuine and lasting democratic or moral impulse, make the world safe from human butchery, or free anybody's mind and soul from the darkness of ignorance and prejudice. He would still regard each and every war as "the sum of all villanies," the ultimate crime against the race and against its every Nazarethan ideal, and would bear that testimony cheerfully with the last breath in his body, whether that came in jail or out, in his home or on the scaffold.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Puck on Piccadilly

The Writings of Max Beerbohm. Limited Edition: *And Even Now.* E. P. Dutton and Company.

TO understand Max Beerbohm one must first understand the conventional John Bull. Let one imagine that burly figure, robust and healthy, set forth in all his irritating sanity. Let one imagine the downrightness of his humor and the solemnity of his seriousness. Let one imagine all this and then let one imagine all that it is not. The result is Max Beerbohm.

John Bull believes, with that firmness with which he usually holds his convictions, that there is a time to laugh and a time to refrain from laughing. He likes his jokes labeled as jokes that he may know when to guffaw, and he hates his Bernard Shaws who offer no guide save one's sense of humor to indicate the presence of a quip. As Max says, it is difficult either to make an Englishman laugh or to make him stop once he has started. Max, on the other hand, is never quite serious nor ever quite given over to mirth. He never makes a joke; he is never laughter holding both his sides. And on the other hand he is never (word unknown to his vocabulary) "earnest." "Laughter," he says, "is but a joyous surrender; smiles give a token of mature criticism. It may be that . . . aeons hence laughter will be obsolete and smiles universal—everyone always, mildly, slightly smiling." "What fools ye mortals be," is his motto, but it is on Piccadilly that he plays his Puck.

On Piccadilly, because dandyism—sartorial and intellectual—is the very essence of his being. "He above all others," says Lewis Hind, "understood the nice conduct of a clouded cane, the right shape and tilt of a silk hat, and the proper point where a frock coat (now outmoded) should artfully bulge in the bosom." And when he was dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review* "he would write through spacious mornings on cream laid paper, in a large important calligraphy—and the erasures? Oh, the erasures! They were blacked out with an artistic blackness that a war censor might have envied. And why? Because the artistic soul of Max would not allow even the printer or the printer's reader to guess at the toil that went to a perfect paragraph."

On the intellectual side he was no less an exquisite. Like Byron he despised the profession or trade of letters and he has never, he remarks in one of his essays, been overtaken by that "desire to do something great which, in England especially, overtakes and spoils so many of the most delightful writers." Activity, he feels, ill becomes the gentleman, and describing the delights of a proposed suburban retreat he remarks: "Here there is no traffic, no harvest. Those of the inhabitants who do anything go away each morning and do it elsewhere." Finally, he closed his first slender volume (called with delightful effrontery, "The Works of Max Beerbohm") with the following magnificently dandiacal gesture:

"Once, in the delusion that Art, loving the recluse, would make his life happy, I wrote a little for a yellow quarterly and had that *succés de fiasco* which is always given to a young writer of talent. But the stress of creation soon overwhelmed me. Only Art with a capital H gives any consolation to her

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henchman. And I, who crave no knighthood, shall write no more. I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasms have pressed forward since then. *Credo junioribus.* Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes and rather like my niche."

Mocking foppery could be carried no further. He has written some seven volumes since, but these, no doubt, are to be considered simply as trifling and careless addenda.

His age? According to "Who's Who" he was born in Kensington in 1872, but in reality he has no local habitation nor time, for he is ageless. When in 1894 he burst upon an admiring world he certainly was not old in manner, but he was evidently knowing beyond his years. Now that some twenty-five winters have passed since he became a public figure he is still exactly what he was then—a wise youth who seems to have no beginning and no end. I will not say that he has not grown even surer and firmer in his technique, but his outlook on life has not, thank God, "matured." He is still an immortal *enfant terrible.*

What was his youth and what, one asks, his juvenilia? At school, he says, he was not a bad sort, and he hints darkly that it was Oxford which made him intolerable. But there is something mysterious about a youth who read "Marius the Epicurean" as a book of adventure, and liked it better than "Two Years Before the Mast" because, having no sea terms, it was easier to understand. At his birth, I think, he sprang forth fully, and faultlessly, clothed. If I were to caricature the infant Max it should be as a very wise baby, top-hatted and bemonocled, who turns aside in his perambulator from the policeman who would fain chuck him under the chin. And the legend should be: "I beg pardon, but I don't think that I have had the pleasure." *Snobisme* (I think that he would prefer the French word) he has carried, as the necessary accompaniment of dandyism, to the highest possible pitch, and to do this in such a way that it is always the other and never one's self who is ridiculous is an accomplishment possible only to the constant accompaniment of a mocking undertone. He has never made Wilde's mistake, and never laid himself open to attack because he has always seen the joke first himself, and has refused to take even frivolity seriously.

Above the two besetting sins of eighteen-ninety literature—aestheticism and sociology—he rides supremely, for both of these are forms of enthusiasm and of religion unbefitting the aristocratic calm of Max's detachment. Being supremely civilized and having no creed save that of grace, he satirizes the artificiality of society because only that artificiality is worth even satire. Like Baudelaire he holds rouge the symbol of cultivation, and if he mocks the fantastic shapes into which civilization cuts box hedges it is because nature is not worth even his notice. Singing of beaux and belles, of actors and waxworks, of paint and fops so that even the ocean becomes "Neptune's troup of performing waves," he revels in the final luxury which only the leisurely and the cultivated can enjoy—the luxury of being absurd. The last achievement of the *ancien regime* was the ability to play at shepherdess in a formal garden, and this is, be it understood, a form of criticism and a philosophy of life, for to devote one's self to triviality is to comment devastatingly upon "the things that count." To Max the desire to improve is a bourgeois impulse. Perhaps one could best sum up his character by saying that he would be the most unhappy among all the unhappy people in Bernard Shaw's Utopia.

Of course he is a Tory, and when he touches shoulders with political liberalism there goes through him a shudder which almost disturbs the perfection of his calm. But the world is not worth getting excited about, and so, drawing his opera cloak about him, he takes Plato's advice and stands beside a wall—the wall, it will be well understood, of the Ivor[illegible]

It may surprise those to whom [illegible]'s malicious touc[illegible] vealed a hundred absurdities in the [illegible]omposity of the[illegible] and political life of the past twenty-five years to know[illegible] is difficult to find tangible evidence of the extent to w[illegible] quips have touched contemporary life. When I demai[illegible]nis works recently at a fairly "intellectual" bookshop the [illegible]er-zealous clerk attempted to cover his ignorance by asking w[illegible]er I wanted Beerbohm in German or in a translation, and [illegible]n it turned out that he could not be produced in any language I determined to investigate. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" dismisses him in three lines and the New York Public Library has no copy of "Zuleika Dobson" or "The Happy Hypocrite." Yet these sad facts but reveal the inaccuracy of mere documentation as a measure of influence, for, contemplating life as a social function, there is no doubt that Max has been a person who counted.

He has been a person—that is no doubt the key. Far more than being merely a writer or a caricaturist, he is a "character," and that side of his fame he has carefully cultivated, so that from the very beginning he has assumed himself a figure. There are people who can say "I am John Smith" in such a way that one bows and is impressed, and there are others to whom one will only answer: "Who the devil is John Smith?" Max belongs most decidedly to the first class. With complete assurance he stepped upon the stage assuming that not to know him was to assume yourself unknown. He had not been writing a year when a single little essay of his was considered important enough to be parodied in *Punch.* Shaw opened the door of the *Saturday Review* to him as "the Incomparable Max," and the Incomparable Max he has remained ever since, assuming with perfect composure his position in the world as the recognized type of exquisite irresponsibility.

Of himself he has made a sort of legend, and he has become greater than any of his works even as, to use a disproportionate comparison, Falstaff and Don Quixote stand for something greater than anything which they ever said or did. Every figure in contemporary literature, politics, or society must have felt that Max was ready to descend upon him with sketch or with lightning phrase upon the slightest deviation into pomposity. In the twenty-five years of his satirical flitting he has, of course, rarely "struck a blow." He has never "scourged" anything. Yet he has entered into the blood of contemporary life. One cannot sum up his creed. Even the thing which he satirizes is hard to define, but he has been the embodiment of that spirit which is ready to mock all who take themselves too seriously. Max is, indeed, a part of the English social constitution, a part of the so often praised balance of institutions. He is the check upon ponderosity. He prevents English art and letters from becoming too British.

J. W. KRUTCH

Greeks in British Guise

Greek Tragedy. By Gilbert Norwood. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

IF an art critic, describing the Lateran Sophocles, were to comment on the rolled manuscripts at the poet's side as indicating that he lived with books rather than with men, on the tightly drawn mantle as showing that in spite of a robust physique he evidently was liable to colds, on his proud bearing as a sign of impatience with those democratic tendencies of his day which verged closely upon Bolshevism, on the absence of a collar and neckie as a subtle hint of straitened circumstances—if the critic were to intersperse these comments into much sound and scholarly matter, expressed in vivid and often in imaginative language, the discussion would closely resemble Mr. Norwood's "Greek Tragedy." The book has great merits and striking defects, both of which have added importance because they are characteristic of recent classical

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inculcated in England, which even before the war was rapidly resistance the root-grubbing German philology in American nd universities.

Fugitive k is the broadest in scope of all existing treatments fundame bject, comprising in one volume a history of Greek State a detailed discussion of the dramatists and their plays, a fu ccount of the theater, and a careful analysis of the cho neters of the plays. All of these matters are discussed wi ompetence, many of them with brilliancy and rare in t. It is in the detailed discussion of individual plays that the author's limitations are most apparent. There he shows to an astounding degree a typical British inability to enter sympathetically into the point of view of alien peoples. The success of England in international politics has been due to her genius for organization and her readiness to compromise; but she has understood even less than other great Powers the native aspirations of her alien dependencies. Likewise her recent scholars have fitted the thoughts and feelings of the Greek dramatists into their own scheme of things, and have given us translations and interpretations which are indeed fascinating, but which leave room for question whether it is worth while to read Euripides when Shaw is more accessible, or Aeschylus when Browning is not much more difficult to understand.

Some of Mr. Norwood's prepossessions arise out of that vast complex of inhibitions characteristic of the English gentleman, which softens the rawness and harshness of natural human reactions but often verges upon squeamishness. Thus, unable to see how an overmastering emotion crowds out tenderness and consideration for others, he finds, in Sophocles's plays, Antigone "brutal" toward Ismene, Ajax "brutal" to Tecmessa, Heracles "brutal" to Hyllus; in Euripides's Alcestis, Heracles is "hideously sly" as well as "brutal" in questioning Admetus in the presence of his wife, while she is found cold and unsympathetic toward her husband; most surprising of all, Aeschylus's Agamemnon is "brutal" to the wife who presently is to murder him!

Most of the prepossessions, however, are not so much British as modern, and to a greater or less extent are shared by scholars in all countries, unless it be in France, whose criticism shows an unrivaled genius for historic interpretation. One of the most obvious is in the matter of plot structure, where we moderns usually look for a plausibility and consistency which a Greek would neither demand nor value. But Mr. Norwood feels obliged to explain every departure from the modern standard. This is simple enough in the case of Euripides on the basis of Verrall's well-known theory that the poet is boldly trying to cast discredit upon popular religion by exposing the inherent absurdities of the traditional legends at the very festival of the god Dionysus. Thus the "strange promptitude" with which Admetus buries Alcestis on the day of her death will reveal to the audience that her supposed resurrection was a "fake." She did not die at all. In the "Bacchae" the failure of the characters to comment on the professed destruction of the palace by Dionysus is supposed to prove that Dionysus was an impostor and hypnotist and no god. The lapses of Aeschylus and Sophocles receive more varied explanations, but even Mr. Norwood's ingenuity fails to devise a better excuse for Jocasta's failure during many years of married life to relate to Oedipus her early experience than that it was a difficulty in the legend "with which the poet could not tamper."

Such inconsistencies and compressions of time demand no explanation. In all literatures less plausibility is expected in poetic than in prose drama, and Greek tragedy with its masks, its singing and dancing chorus, its formal arrangement of incidents, is in many ways comparable to the modern music drama or oratorio which admits the most incredible plots, provided only there is sufficient coherence to carry a unified impression. Especially is this true when the poet is dealing with legendary material, as is evident in the music dramas of

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Richard Wagner, which confine themselves almost as closely as Greek tragedy to themes with a halo of sacred tradition. Even our realistic prose drama contains frequent absurdities, of which we are unaware simply because they conform to our accepted conventions of the stage.

In spite of the fact that he has not overlooked Aristotle's wise observation that character portrayal is subordinate to plot, Mr. Norwood places entirely too much emphasis upon the study of character in his discussions of individual dramas. As a natural consequence of this emphasis we find him peering into the faces of Jason, Oedipus, and Clytemnestra, seeking traits as highly individualized as in an Ibsen play or a Meredith novel. He discovers them, sometimes by exaggerating the import of a chance word, as when Euripides's Electra is supposed to reveal, in phrases like "Black night, thou *nurse* of golden stars," the abnormal attitude toward motherhood which brings about her "spiritual suicide"; sometimes by the misleading suggestions of too felicitous a translation, like the version "My chivalrous instincts have gotten me into trouble more often than I like to think of" for Creon's far simpler and directer words in the Medea; sometimes by mistranslation, as in the case where Phaedra's character is blackened by the nurse's words: "If thou hadst happened to be a chaste woman," which should be translated "If thou hadst been in control of thyself"; and finally, by interpreting acts and words in the light of scruples which the Greeks did not feel, as when Iphigenia and Orestes are said to be thieves and Iphigenia a traitress because they trick the unsuspecting king.

The fact is that in fifth-century drama, as in fifth-century sculpture, men were not interested in the traits which mark one individual off from another so much as in the working of man's life in relation to destiny, to circumstance, to the will of the gods, to the purposes of other men. Oedipus speaks and acts as a high-minded man might be expected to speak and act in his situation. He is not a personified abstraction, like the characters in miracle plays; he is an unforgettable figure, truly and subtly drawn, but conceived as Praxiteles or Phidias, were they dramatists, would conceive him, not with the concentrated individuality of a Rembrandt portrait. In the formal debates, which have a large place in Greek plays, truth to character sometimes seems to be forgotten altogether in the love of argument for its own sake so evident in all aspects of the life of the period. Jason's defense of his abandonment of Medea, or Alcestis's farewell speech to Admetus, contains the strongest arguments possible in the given situation, rather than the things the individual would be likely to say for himself. Mr. Norwood takes some account of this consideration, but not enough to save him from saying of Alcestis, whom Euripides intended to portray as a noble and lovable character: "From the beginning of her first intolerable speech we know her for that frightful figure, the thoroughly good woman with no imagination, no humor, no insight."

In the realm of ethics, however, Mr. Norwood is most at variance with the Greek point of view, especially in attributing to the dramatists narrowly didactic purposes in place of artistic ones. Greek plays are full of ethical reflections, but they are reflections upon the acts and events of the drama, not preconceptions in the author's mind in accordance with which he shapes his plots. Moreover the ethical point of view of Mr. Norwood is regrettably conventional and at times sentimental. He finds even the innocent and essentially refined Ion "painfully sexual," and misses the transcendent beauty and power of the Trachiniae because he thinks that Heracles's unfaithfulness to the lovely Deianeira marks him as a "coarse, stupid 'man of action,'" whereas there can be no question that Sophocles regarded Heracles as a glorious figure, his love for Iole as one of the painful but recurrent facts of human life, and his provision for her on his deathbed by marrying her to his son as perfectly natural and not in the least "revolting."

Mr. Norwood's discussion of the religious point of view of the three dramatists is on the whole sound and admirable, but it assumes in Aeschylus as well as in Euripides too conscious and thoroughgoing an effort to rationalize the system of belief. Notice his comment on Aeschylus's Prometheus: "Even Zeus in the early days of his dominion seeks to rule by might divorced from wisdom. . . . He has his lesson to learn like all others; if he will not govern with the help of law, bowing to Fate, then the hope of the Universe is vain and the blind forces of unguided Nature, the half-quelled Titans, will bring chaos back." Euripides's rationalism he exaggerates to the point of interpreting the "Ion" as an attack upon the oracles, that "offense to civilization," and the "Iphigenia among the Taurians" as containing an effort to disseminate a scientific conception of insanity in place of the legendary pursuit by the Furies. This, in an age when even Socrates believed that oracles, daemons, and dreams had supernatural import.

No more valuable influence has come into classical scholarship in America than recent British interpretations of ancient literature in terms of modern experience. German erudition did not find congenial soil here. Indeed, with a few notable exceptions, Americans appropriated the worst in the German tradition, its insistence upon a mechanical technique of investigation and its overemphasis of measurable results, while they failed to establish the habits of patient industry, thoroughness, and cooperation between scholars which made these methods fruitful. The more urbane and imaginative British scholarship is in line with our native temper, and the influence of men like Jowett and Jebb has been wholly salutary. Not quite so much can be said for the present generation of British classicists, which to be sure contains scholars of extraordinary brilliancy and profound learning, scholars who combine to a remarkable extent scientific and artistic gifts. Professor Gilbert Murray, the late Dr. Verrall, Mr. Gilbert Norwood, all write with arresting beauty and lucidity of style and all are masters in the field of Greek tragedy; yet all alike play into the hands of a regrettable tendency in America to popularize the classics by "modernizing them," a procedure far removed from the sound and necessary effort to interpret their relation to modern experience. It should be obvious that the classics can win and deserve a lasting place in American education only if they provide an adventure into a world strangely unlike as well as strangely like our own.

CLARA M. SMERTENKO

A Poet on a Painter

Paul Gauguin: His Life and Art. By John Gould Fletcher. Nicholas L. Brown.

AN adequate and painstaking biography of Paul Gauguin is still to be produced. This is not to detract from John Gould Fletcher's essay, which is written in the spirit of a handbook—and an excellent handbook it is. It is solidly based on authentic fact as far as it goes; and it should do much to reconstruct the popular distorted image of Gauguin as half god and half devil into a human being in most ways like other human beings—attempting to live his life in his own way, suffering, failing, achieving, and striving above all to rationalize an inscrutable universe. He differed from other human beings mainly in his passionate insistence upon essential simplifications. Where most of us timidly live on in the midst of the excrescences which we know impede and ruin us, Gauguin at the expense of years of suffering made of his own life a fanatic and ruthless protest. The most valuable thing in Mr. Fletcher's book is his attempt to find the key to Gauguin's art and life in the principle of syntheticism. In the light of the facts we possess, this interpretation is suggestive and illuminating. Let us see how he arrives at it.

This so-called key can be best shown by reference to Gauguin's development as an artist. He came into early contact with Impressionism and exhibited with the Impressionists in 1880 and 1881. Impressionism was the logical outgrowth of the

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naturalism expressed in the writings of the Goncourts, Maupassant, and Zola. The heroic, the Napoleonic, the Byronic attitude passed out of literature; it was superseded by the "human document." The spirit of this change found a parallel in painting. The classical subject disappeared, the conventions of composition were thrown aside, and the artist moved his easel out into the open air. He cast himself entirely upon nature and strove to document her, to analyze her objective aspect scientifically. Impressionism—or Luminarism, to express more exactly the phase which Impressionism took—began immediately to analyze the effects of sunlight, basing the famous disintegration theory on the scientific treatises of Chevreul and Helmholtz. Claude Monet best represents the more moderate application of the divisionist method which was later carried to its ultimate conclusion by Seurat and Signac. This scientific prepossession naturally tended to seal up the creative imagination within the confines of a test-tube.

Gauguin at first was much influenced by Pissarro, among the Impressionist group; but as Mr. Fletcher suggests, Gauguin must have begun to realize during his stay at Martinique in 1887 that tropic sunlight cannot be painted by means of the Impressionistic division of tones. Therefore he sought "to translate sunlight into color by simplifying and exaggerating the contrast of colors." At any rate, it is known that Gauguin painted pictures during this visit that clearly foreshadow his later characteristic essays in primitive design. After 1888 his break with Impressionism admitted of no dubiety. Henceforth he was finished with the theory that proclaimed "atmosphere" to be the painter's chief concern. He was done with "cross sections" of raw unorganized nature. The goal of both form and color he instinctively felt to be decoration.

Gauguin's penchant for decoration led to the artistic transposition which created Syntheticism and the Synthetic ist disciples who flocked about Gauguin at Pont-Aven. To the study of thirteenth century glass is ascribed the new idea of design and color which Gauguin began to translate into the medium of oil paint. From this time on his art strove to construct itself upon the principles which lie at the foundation of all great primitive art; linear arabesque and decorative spacing of balanced color and form. It frankly confessed its affinities with Egyptian painting, with Byzantine mosaics, and with the Kakemonas of the Japanese. It bound the Venetian glow of color within the tranquil contours of the primitives. Gauguin was perfectly aware of what an old tradition was doing for him. He knew that he was transposing. In his own words: "The artist is not born of a single unity. If he adds a new link in the chain already begun it is much. The artist is known by the quality of his transposition."

Thus was born or rather reborn the synthetic theory of art which at this time was actually being practiced by Puvis de Chavannes, but without the specific outspoken formulation as creed and shibboleth which it assumed with the Syntheticists. Sérusier defines the synthetic theory of art as consisting in "reducing all forms to the smallest possible number of component forms: straight lines, arcs of a circle, a few angles, arcs of an ellipse." No one can hope to understand and appreciate Gauguin and primitive art without apprehending all the implications of a remark once made by Maurice Denis. He says: "Recall that a picture, before being a war-horse, a nude, or some anecdote, is essentially a flat surface covered with colors arranged in a certain order."

The philosophy which made for aesthetic simplification, Mr. Fletcher shows, is fundamentally the same as that by which Gauguin endeavored to order his life and which later led him to reject civilization in the tropic wilds of Tahiti. In primitive art he saw a harmonious adjustment of man and nature which no longer obtained in the higher types of civilized modern man. He found about him "only a false system of morality, politics, and religion which elevated the wealthy above the level of the rest of humanity and forbade to the thinker, the artist, the independent worker, the very right to live."

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Civilized society was in vain revolt against nature. So Gauguin, self-banished to Tahiti, then to Hiva-Hoa, sought to find in barbaric isolation among the natives that unity which he craved. The lyric pages of his "Noa Noa" express his attitude, for "Noa Noa" is an allegory of civilization washed clean by the spirit of primitive nature.

In Christianity Gauguin found another source of disillusionment. The organized materialism of the nineteenth century bore final witness of the impotence of the Christ faith to elevate humanity to its level. This despair of Gauguin is symbolized in such pictures as Le Christ Jaune and in the agonized Le Christ au Jardin d'Oliviers. "The terrible little picture, Les Misères Humaines, sums up in its two figures the despair and hypocrisy of our vaunted civilization. Even the later Tahitian Birth of Christ renders nothing but the physical anguish and exhaustion of maternity. In the Ia Orana Maria, or the Salutation to Mary, the Virgin is represented merely as a happy human mother." Just before his final return to Tahiti in 1895, Gauguin replied to a letter written to him by August Strindberg in which the Swedish dramatist found fault with the barbarism of the Tahitian canvases then exhibited in Paris and in which he especially disapproved of Gauguin's conception of Eve. Gauguin wrote: "Before the Eve of my choice, which I have painted in forms and harmonies of another world, your remembrances have perhaps evoked a sorrow of the past. The Eve of your civilized conception makes you and the rest of us almost always misogynists; the old Eve, which in my studio frightens you, will perhaps some day smile at you less bitterly some day. . . . The Eve I have painted, she alone, logically can remain naked before one's eyes. Yours in that simple state could not walk without shame, and, too beautiful (perhaps), would be the evocation of an evil and a sorrow."

Gauguin's existence in Tahiti taught him in time the futility of struggle, the anodyne of fatalism, of resignation. There was reflected in his art the quietism of the Buddhists. In his Tahitian record occurs the following: "To his [God's] eyes, the search for the Way of Buddha is like the coming of flowers." Throughout Gauguin's work, Mr. Fletcher finally comments, "there runs a longing—obscure, tormented, and ultimately foiled—for a natural religion, which, like the rest of his striving, would be a synthesis."

To the interpretation thus baldly outlined in this review Mr. Fletcher brings his fine gifts of expression and genuine understanding of Gauguin born of much patient and loving study. It is unfortunate that the chapter dealing with the relations of Gauguin and Van Gogh is much too slender. Better reproductions, too, of the works of Gauguin would serve to enhance the feeling of satisfaction that most readers are sure to get from Mr. Fletcher's book. If the growing popular interest in the life and art of Paul Gauguin has been given a hectic impetus by Somerset Maugham's "Moon and Sixpence," it is to be hoped that through the instrumentality of Mr. Fletcher this same popular interest will continue to rise to a saner and fairer estimate of Gauguin as he actually was.

GLEN MULLIN

Interesting Law

Outlines of Historical Jurisprudence. By Sir Paul Vinogradoff, F.B.A. Volume I. *Introduction: Tribal Law.* Oxford University Press.

THE diffidence felt by the mere smatterer in attempting to write something on Sir Paul Vinogradoff's latest monument of erudition has been overcome by the hope that the non-technical point of view may have some value in a notice written for the general public. It would indeed be an auspicious omen for the intelligence and education of the country could books of this character obtain a wider audience than that of the experts to whom they are primarily addressed. If the tired business man could get sufficiently rested, if the professional man could snatch a few hours of leisure, if the cultivated woman could spare an afternoon from cards or teas, he or she would find an absorbing occupation in the perusal of such a work as the present one, destined when completed to take its place beside the lucubrations of Maine and of Austin and of Savigny and of Pollock and of Maitland; for law, as understood by Sir Paul, is neither a barbarous puzzle nor a dry-as-dust formalism, but a living science of society and a breathing philosophy of life.

The long introduction discusses the relation of jurisprudence to other sciences and traces its history. In the author's opinion law depends primarily on three other disciplines, logic, psychology, and social science. He excludes even ethics, history, and philosophy, though he admits that in a general way all of them cast indirect rays upon the subject. The function of logic is obvious, even though it is sometimes abused, as in the old case of Sir James Hales's suicide, when the lawyer's arguments to prove that he was not guilty of a felony were parodied by Shakespeare in Hamlet: "argal, she drowned herself in self-defense." Psychology is also a direct tributary to law, for it is needed to explain theories of responsibility for crime, as well as the social conditions giving rise to different definitions of crime. Jurisprudence is, of course, a part of social science; the other divisions are classified by Sir Paul as anthropology, economics, politics, and the study of cultural intercourse. This last embraces comparative philology, the science of religion, philosophy, literature, art, and folk-lore.

Though the Romans and the medieval schoolmen devoted much thought and learning to the law, it is with the eighteenth century that Sir Paul chooses to begin his historical survey of modern jurisprudence. The progress of mathematical and natural sciences then impressed thinkers with the conviction that politics, morals, and law might and should be subjected to the same methods of observation and deductive reasoning. This, and the irritation caused by the obsolete feudalism of institutions, produced the rationalist school of political theorists. In philosophy these men thought that "whatever is, is right," but in politics they were equally convinced that whatever was, was wrong, and they began to turn things upside down so fast that they drew from Hegel the comment, worthy of Chesterton, that when men began to stand upon their reason they ended by standing on their heads. The highest point of rationalistic social science was reached in Bentham's ideal of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and in Kant's combination of the conception of personal duty with that of universal law. In constitutional law was evolved the idea of sovereignty or might as the characteristic sign of the state, a thesis against which Sir Paul strenuously argues without, it seems, knowing the best presentation and defense of it in the works of John W. Burgess.

The fatal defect of the rationalists in ignoring history, together with the French Revolution and other political developments, caused, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, a new school to arise, the nationalist and romantic school. Burke's theory of society as a living organism not to be tampered with rashly by doctrinaires, and Savigny's study of the growth of ancient Germanic customs, gave rise to the historical school, by which law was considered not in its formal aspect as a command of the state, but in its material content as the opinion of a country on matters of right and justice. A third school, naturally arising from this one, particularly after the biological and anthropological researches of the nineteenth century, was that of the evolutionists, founded on the conviction expressed by Jhering that "law is not less a product of history than is handicraft, naval construction, or technical skill. As Nature did not provide Adam's soul with the ready-made conception of a kettle, of a ship, or of a steamer, even so she has not presented him with the idea of property, marriage, binding contracts, and the state. The whole moral order is a product of history." The modern tendency is a combination of earlier

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Harper & Brothers, Est. 1817 New York, N. Y.

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methods, at once critical and historical, comparative in method and constructive in aim.

After this imposing introduction Sir Paul takes up, as the first part of his main study, Tribal Law. This originates with the family, in such matters as the selection of mates and the settling of the respective customary and legal position of the father, the mother, and of other relationships, often exceedingly complex. Above the savage state the Aryans evolved the patriarchal household, the joint family, and the custom of inheritance and succession. Delving into the obscure beginnings of Aryan culture the author gives us an interesting picture of the life of the original Indo-European stock, a picture painted entirely, but none the less surely, from the materials offered by comparative philology. In this and in his wide scope, Sir Paul reminds one of the great work done by Frazer in folklore. He closes the present volume with a study of tribal organization and of the tenure of land. He promises us, without much delay, a second volume on the jurisprudence of the Greek city, and he adds that further instalments are contemplated. As they appear historians and lawyers and, let us hope, a still wider public, will welcome them with the utmost eagerness.

PRESERVED SMITH

Map-Making as a Fine Art

The Times Survey Atlas of the World. London: The Times.
The Daily Telegraph Victory Atlas of the World. London: "Geographia," Ltd.
Andrees Handatlas. Siebente Auflage. Bielefeld und Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing.
Harmsworth's Atlas of the World and Pictorial Gazetteer. London: The Amalgamated Press, Ltd.
Cram's Unrivaled Atlas of the World. Chicago: George F. Cram Company.
The New World Loose Leaf Atlas. Chicago: Sears, Roebuck & Company.

THESE atlases are the first of any importance that have appeared since the war. Some are commonplace, some merely good, while two are excellent indeed. The *Times* Atlas and the *Daily Telegraph* Victory Atlas are worthy of a place beside their famous predecessors. Those who are familiar with the Ptolemys, Mercators, the Blaeus, and the atlases of Ortelius; the De Wits, Homanns, and Fadens; the long line of Stielers, Schraders, Johnstons, Bartholomews; and the handsome work of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge will perceive that twentieth century cartographers have not shamed their ancient and honorable art. Both atlases are executed with remarkable skill and patience. The draftsmanship is singularly solicitous for the reader's eyes and the coloring is handled with a delicacy and sense of tone that does high honor to the editors. In short, the *Times* and the Victory through their sustained effort reveal an altogether commendable appreciation of the great past of cartography together with an understanding of the direction in which true progress in map-making lies. Such changes, not so much in the introduction of novelties as in an altered mode of attack, must be considered in the light of the recent development of anthropo-geography.

Ever since the geographic revival of the fifteenth century the science of cartography has advanced steadily, keeping always abreast of the new developments in geographic knowledge. In the final analysis cartography stands for a tumultuous record of man's progress. It has patiently and faithfully told the story of his incessant restlessness, his turbulence, curiosity, and acquisitiveness. Thanks to it we have a panorama of toy boats sailing unknown seas; of mad colorful careers of exploring, proselyting, and adventuring. In short, the map-maker has epitomized the glory of his fellow-adventurer, building an eternal monument to the genius of those stout hearts, Marco Polo, Columbus, Magellan, Balboa, Cook, Pike, Lewis, Clark, Stanley, Peary, Amundsen. And following close upon the heels of these is the tale of other, perhaps braver spirits: the story of wildernesses subdued, of towns, bridges, railroads, tunnels built, of the privations and hardships of the pioneer and settler. Of such are the materials of the cartographer's art. Here has been drawn the picture of a prolific, profligate, conquering mankind; yet a picture that has been filled in modestly and with an eye to the truth.

It is easily comprehensible, therefore, why, up to the present century, man boldly and alone had been the center of attention. Man had leveled miles of forest, he had built cities, bored mountains. Man had wrested its treasures from a stubborn earth. Nature, in short, was entirely vanquished before his ingenuity and perseverance. Such, that is to say, had been the point of view of the geographer and the cartographer up to the appearance of the work of Ratzel. Then came a change as profound and as revolutionary in its consequences as that produced by the Copernican theory. The Ptolemaic conception of the universe revolved about man. Man as the most important being of the earth regarded himself as the focal point of the entire celestial sphere because he believed the earth was its center. Copernicus rudely shook him out of his complacency. Man was humbled; proved an infinitesimal speck on a microscopic dot. Ratzel's attitude was just as disturbing. Granted, said in effect the school of anthropo-geography, that man had learned to use the earth's beneficences to suit his own purposes; it was also true, and in fact far more important, that the natural forces of the earth had colored human society, subtly shaped it to fit the mold in which it was cast. And Ratzel, as did our Miss Semple after him, went on to indicate in a series of brilliant and memorable studies how the influence of man's environment had affected his migrations, his religions, and his civilizations. Island societies showed certain basic points of agreement that could be traced in the development of England, New Zealand, Japan, and prehistoric Crete. Again, the deserts and steppes of the Old World presented an illuminating contrast and at the same time a flashing study of historical uniformity. These wastes, from the dim beginnings, had bred fierce and warlike tribes of wandering herdsmen who, flood upon flood, poured into the neighboring lowlands of Eurasia and Africa. Witness the careers of the Scythians, Huns, Saracens, Tartars, Turks, and Cossacks, whose histories, spread as they are over a period of 2,400 years, reveal a similarity that is astounding.

This new trend, then, in geographical thinking finds graphical expression in the work of the modern cartographer. He, too, has learned to attach increasing importance to the exact representations of the configurations of the earth's surface. It is not of such moment, atlas-makers indicate they realize, to plot the locations of cities, the routes of railroads and canals, the political subdivisions of states, provinces, counties, and boroughs as it is to show the relationship and dependence of these political and cultural features upon the broader and more basic physical features of the earth. How has the atlas-maker succeeded in representing this new point of view?

The problem of presenting accurately the irregularities of the earth's relief, i.e., its mountains, plateaus, plains, river valleys, deserts, on a sheet of atlas size has always been one of uncommon difficulty. More extensive surveys like the British Ordinance maps or the United States Geological maps are not confronted by the same obstacles. Here the area treated on one sheet is very much smaller (the scale employed is usually 1 inch to the mile) and therefore physical and cultural detail can be handled with greater ease. But for the atlas-maker escape is not so easy. His space is limited, and the scales at his command can range from 16 miles to 80 miles to the inch only. He is bound of necessity to present the whole of the British Isles or Italy or Scandinavia on a single plate. The difference is startling when put into this form: on a scale of 1 inch to the mile more than 400 sheets are needed for England and Wales alone. On a scale of 1 inch to 10 miles the same territory can be presented on three sheets. But can the atlas-maker perfect a map on the latter scale that will serve the same purpose as the larger

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map and yet be plainly read and easily understood by the average reader with ordinary effort?

It has been achieved. One need only glance through the *Times* Atlas to see with what vivid success it has been done. The delicate, sure coloring of the plates, the deft draftsmanship, the very careful editing that has made the atlas a complete whole without the presence of a single jarring note—all call forth our admiration. The *Times* Atlas has been prepared under the direction of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, whose magnificent atlas of Scotland looms high as one of the great landmarks of contemporary cartography. Like those of the earlier work, the maps of the *Times* Atlas are plotted on physical maps as bases, the cultural features being superimposed. The scheme used is one of tints, shades of brown, green, and blue varying in intensity being employed to represent the changing elevations of land and sea. So in Plate 92—United States: Western Section—eight shades of brown are employed to indicate heights ranging from 1,000 to 10,000 feet; four shades of green for heights from 1,000 feet down to those below sea level; and two of blue for water depths. The scales for the detail maps vary from 1:630,000 (1 inch to 10 miles) on the map of England in three sheets, to the 1:5,000,000 (1 inch to 80 miles) map of the United States. The usual type of political map is also to be found, together with excellent bathymetric maps of the oceans. The gazetteer, which is to include more than 200,000 names, will be published later.

The *Daily Telegraph* Victory Atlas is the work of Mr. Alexander Gross. Here the political map is used with greater frequency than the physical, though the atlas includes eight excellent orographical studies of England besides those of the continents. The coloring and printing are beyond reproach. Special attention has been paid to railroads; and the economic, meteorological, and historical insets are plentiful as are also the bathymetric maps. Especially commendable is the map of Africa on a scale of 1:7,500,000. The Victory Atlas is far and away the best political atlas we have. A gazetteer is also in preparation.

Andrees Handatlas, edited by Dr. Ernst Ambrosius, is a seventh edition of this well-known work, the last previous revision having appeared in 1914. The plates are evidently the same as those used in the former edition, minor corrections and territorial changes only having been made. The publishers were in such haste, it appears, that some of their blunders border on the ludicrous. Thus we find on Plate 178-9, Mittel und Süd-Africa, the designation "Deutsch-Südwestafrica" with the letters "ehem." (*ehemalig*, formerly) added above in lighter face type. The work is thorough, of course, but difficult to read and hardly as agreeable to the eye as the English atlases. The maps illustrate the characteristic vice of German cartography—an urgent necessity on the part of the editor to indicate every political subdivision and hamlet in existence, not to speak of all railroads, carriage roads, canals, etc. The result is a mad confusion from which one is extricated with difficulty. Topography is indicated in a general way only, mountainous country being shown by means of hachuring (a system of shading). The local maps are very good. Commercial, economic, meteorological, racial, and religious maps are also included. The index in a separate volume contains about 250,000 names.

Harmsworth's Atlas, edited by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, is a noteworthy example of how a popular atlas should be made. The maps are executed simply; are not overloaded with detail; and are finished off in very pleasant fashion. One of the most interesting features of the atlas is the pictorial gazetteer printed on the reverse side of each map. Here are found brief notes concerning topography, commerce, history, politics, together with profuse camera views of the countries discussed. The index appended contains 120,000 references.

The Sears, Roebuck Atlas, prepared by the Hammond Company of New York, and the Cram's Unrivaled Atlas prove that either American atlas-makers are still naive or that American readers are childishly credulous. The editing and draftsmanship are of the type usually found in the elementary geography text or the souvenir pocket map. The color work is uniformly crude and unequal. No definite scheme of presentation seems to have occurred to the editors. In the Sears, Roebuck Atlas the Hammonds have introduced an agricultural map of Cuba that was originally prepared for the Cuban Department of Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor and is obviously unlike the rest of the atlas in treatment and coloring. In the Cram Atlas we find South America, India, China, and England all drawn on plates of the same size, while on pages 130-31, following the map of France, is to be seen a map of the Italian-Austrian front printed in Italian and still bearing the Italian conventional signs. So the map shows: *Tramvie in sede propria, Venezia, Golfo di Trieste*, etc. The ethnographic map of Europe has been prepared by F. W. Rawcliffe, professor of history in the Cicero, Illinois, public schools. In the back of the atlas are reproduced photographs of Marshal Foch, Baron Haig, Tewfik Pasha, and the presidents of the United States.

LOUIS MORTON HACKER

This Davies

The Captive Lion and Other Poems. By William Henry Davies. Yale University Press.

I HEAR men say: "This Davies has no depth,
He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep,
And throws no light on deep, eternal things. . . ."
And would they have me talking in my sleep?

I say: "Though many a man's ideas of them
Have made his name appear a shining star,
Yet Life and Death, Time and Eternity,
Are still left dark, to wonder what they are.

"And if I make men weigh this simple truth,
It is on my own mind the light is thrown;
I throw no light on that mysterious Four,
And, like the great ones, nothing I make known. . . ."

I turn to things I know. . . .

And what does this Davies know? What he can see and hear, what he can take in through that set of senses which he happens to possess, a set unique among English poets living or dead.

> Like a snail with horns outstretched
> My senses feel the air around;
> There's not a move escapes my eye,
> My ears are cocked to every sound.

Bestowed upon him by the gods, perhaps, these faculties have been tempered and improved by fate; for Davies is no simple child of buttercup and summer breeze. He is fifty years old. This is his eleventh volume. He passed many difficult years as laborer and vagabond in England and America before some of his poems had the good fortune in 1905 to fall into the hands of Bernard Shaw, who as soon as he had "read three lines perceived that the author was a real poet." He writes of quiet things, but only after a life of uncomfortable, blasting passion; he carves the tiniest images out of Nature, but only as large, ugly men sometimes do fragile things—accurately and well. He is Herrick, and yet Davies.

> And calves and lambs had tottering knees,
> Excited, while they sucked.
>
> And little apples, from whose womb
> Barrels of lusty cider come.
> Good food, and ale that's strong in brew,
> And wine, I'll have; clear water, too,
> From a deep well, where it doth lie
> Shining as small as my own eye.

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Oft have I seen in fields the little birds
Go in between a bullock's legs to eat;
But what gives me most joy is when I see
Snow on my doorstep, printed by their feet.

I'll see again the green leaves suddenly
Turned into flowers by resting butterflies;
While all around are small, brown, working bees,
And hairy black-and-ambers, twice their size.

It is the bell of death I hear,
Which tells me my own time is near,
When I must join those quiet souls
Where nothing lives but worms and moles;
And not come through the grass again,
Like worms and moles, for breath or rain.

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Music

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GERMAN musical activity, forced for a number of years in the pervenu atmosphere of Berlin, has at last returned to its most inspired source, Vienna. Here, where hunger still runs a close race with art, and money mocks with its impotence, is to be found that tremendous musical exchange formerly enjoyed by the Prussian capital; and here, too, are taking place the most enigmatical, and perhaps most important, musical experiments in this age of musical experimentation. Berlin complains bitterly of her loss, and attributes it partly to the low value of the mark, partly to the continued unfriendliness of artists made inimical by the war. But Vienna, her former ally, whose kronen are even lower than German marks, smiles significantly when she tells you that she has had one of the biggest international musical seasons in her existence; for although her people have to do without food to hear music, every one of her concert and operatic performances is sold out, while her opera is still the best to be heard in Europe.

After all, it does not seem very strange that the city which fostered the arch-revolutionist Beethoven should today be harboring the iconoclast Schoenberg; or that the stage of Mozart's operatic triumphs should be attracting Richard Strauss, who would imitate him, or should be encouraging young Erich Korngold, who tries to write like Strauss. Schoenberg is not a Beethoven, to be sure; but in Europe they will tell you that all are running to him to read, from the Russian Strawinsky to the German Schrecker. If this be true, Strawinsky will probably benefit the most, for, with the exception of Anton Webern, Schoenberg's most gifted pupil, he is probably the only one to whom the latest Schoenbergian harmonies are intelligible. Personally, I could find little kinship between the marvelous rhythmic barbarities of "Le Sacre du Printemp," as elemental as the earth itself, and the monstrous, cerebral concoctions of "Pierrot Lunaire."

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AN OPPORTUNITY!

The United States Senate has adopted a resolution for investigation of the American Occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. A preliminary hearing was held August 5 before the investigating committee, of which Senator Medill McCormick is chairman. Regular hearings will begin early in October, after which the committee will go to Haiti and Santo Domingo to hear testimony there.

It is of the utmost importance that the case for the peoples of these two republics, independent and self-governing for generations until their overthrow by American military forces, be properly presented. The ruthlessness of seven years' martial law and rigid military censorship has made the task of obtaining witnesses and compiling evidence at short notice one which requires the most painstaking and skilled efforts. For these purposes funds are needed immediately.

The **Haiti-Santo Domingo Independence Society** has recently been formed as an association of American citizens desiring:

1. To secure an open, thorough and complete investigation of the military occupation of the Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo.
2. To work for the immediate restoration of full national independence of these nations.
3. To take such other steps as the Society may deem wise to establish friendly cooperation and give disinterested aid on a basis of mutual understanding and international justice.

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berg has scored for "speaking voice, piano, flute or piccolo, clarinet or bass clarinet, violin or viola, and violoncello." With the aid of a personal card from the composer I had the privilege of hearing its first performance before the Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen in Wien, of which Schoenberg is at the head. The object of this society is not to exploit any composer or composition, but to help the public to a clearer understanding of modern music; and to this end it has already, in the third year of its existence, performed over one hundred and sixty modern works. It has, moreover, the rare advantage of having an ensemble which plays with not only a technical but with a musical mastery of its subject. Such perfection necessarily demands much preparation, and, as an instance, Schoenberg told me that for "Pierrot Lunaire" they had had thirty rehearsals, adding that he hoped I would not hear how difficult it was. I did, though, and found it even more difficult to listen to, for the hard, square chords smote the ear like granite; while the Sprechstimme, which recited the text to this toneless, rhythmless accompaniment, now rose to a squeak or a shriek, now tremoloed down to a whisper, according to the pitch and dynamics indicated in the score. It seemed more like the gibberings of some musical Frankenstein monster than the delicate, ironic fantasy of Giraud's; and through it all one sat in a small, closely packed hall (in which every door and window had been shut) with the perspiration streaming down one's face and the chill of despair in one's soul. Only that morning I had asked Schoenberg the aims of his school. His reply was: "To make good, new music." I could not believe, however, that "Pierrot Lunaire" was the ultimate answer, and felt encouraged in this hope by the Six Orchestral Pieces by Anton Webern which preceded it on the program, and which, while showing an interesting development of the Schoenbergian theories, also revealed a certain live, poetic sensibility and rhythmic impulse trying to break through the dead formulas of the master. Although Webern has none of the gripping, inevitable qualities of Strawinsky, than whom, according to his teacher, he is "more modern," he may, nevertheless, prove to be one of the stepping stones to "a good, new music."

How Schoenberg has influenced Franz Schrecker I do not know. I have only heard an orchestral overture that seemed to me post-Wagnerian music reduced to its utmost decadence; and I could obtain little information about the composer in Berlin (where he is heartily disliked), other than that he is the chief exponent in Germany of the modern movement emanating from Vienna. So I shall only quote the opinion of Arnold Schoenberg himself, who says that Schrecker not only has something new to say in orchestration, but has, as well, a remarkable sense of the theater.

But Vienna also has a more orthodox side to her musical life, and from this has given Central Europe perhaps its most genuine operatic success of the year in Erich Korngold's "Die tote Stadt." Of this three-act work, of which the text by Paul Schott is a free version of G. Rodenbach's "Das Trugbild" ("Bruges la Morte"), one might say that as an opera it is a very good show, and as a show a very good opera. It is unfortunate that it should be marred by a weak ending, for both drama and score gather in well-sustained intensity until the middle of the last act, when the one turns into a moral, and the other into a long, solemn declamation of the German singing-society type. Aside from this, and the incongruity of introducing moralities of any kind into an operatic text, it is, on the whole, singularly interesting and refreshing in comparison with other works of its kind. Korngold may not have developed into the second Mozart promised by his childhood, but he has a very pretty lyrical gift, and an appreciation of dramatic values. If his melodies at times are reminiscent of Brahms and Strauss, and his orchestration of the two Richards, one must remember that he is very young, and that his musical growth was probably temporarily arrested by his two and a half years of service in the army. At that, there are not many composers who, at the age of twenty-three, have two successful

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operas to their credit; and as he is intensely musical, and, on the whole, simple and sincere in his utterance, he ought, under more normal conditions, eventually to find himself. Just at present he is living in the somewhat confused atmosphere of two distinct schools: the ultra-modern of Schoenberg, and the assorted-classical of Strauss. The latter is now director of the State (formerly the Royal) Opera. He seems to have completely abandoned his role of superman, for between duties as director and conductor he has been scoring a new three-act opera, "Intermezzo," in which he has reverted to the small Mozart form for small orchestra. Whether it will be Strauss à la Mozart or Mozart à la Strauss is still too early for conjecture. It has its significance, though, as another evidence of that creative and musical impulse that marks not only the return to health but the undaunted artistic spirit of this not so long ago dying city, which, in the midst of an unceasing struggle with poverty and starvation, has battled for and regained her musical supremacy. HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Importations

FRANCE, Spain, Hungary, and Ireland are all represented in our theaters at this moment. But the first two are misrepresented according to a long tradition. France furnishes the frivolous and salacious note, Spain that of mere meretricious glow and color. Perhaps the drama of other European countries is less used by our managers because it cannot be selected and imported according to so easy a formula. Neither the German nor the Russian nor the Scandinavian drama can be trusted to furnish anything so definite and constant as a slightly Rabelaisian anecdote or an exorbitant passion wrapped in a scarlet shawl. The Hungarian drama is brought to us, with the notable exceptions of the plays of Molnar, when it most nearly approaches the Parisian models; the Irish players come to us of their own accord bringing their plays with them.

The one exception to these methods of choice and importation failed after two weeks at the Garrick Theater. Perhaps it was because the public, corrupted by a formula, was disappointed in this French play. Perhaps the failure was due, as we are inclined to think, to the most unhappy casting of the chief part. It remains a subject for melancholy reflection that nothing better from the contemporary theater of France is likely to reach us than Henri Bataille's "Don Juan" as it was sensitively and richly produced by Mr. Frank Reicher. Bataille is a falsely intense and somewhat brassy writer. But, coming in contact here with a great legend, free from the necessity of inventing his own fable, he began to reflect and to change his dramatic tone. His interpretation of the legend is far below Rostand's in texture and detail; it is, in essence, both saner and more philosophical. The tragedy of Don Juan, according to Bataille, is not death but life. One remembers Porto-Riche's "La Chance de Françoise" with its strange, pathetic cry: "Lovelace, you are growing old!" Bataille's tone is harsher and his incidents more cruel. The years strip Don Juan of his one triumphant quality and leave him nothing but sordidness and shame. Yet the ugliness of this conclusion is relieved by a certain gallantry of tone and the union of massiveness and grace with which Mr. Lee Simonson externalized in his scenes the splendor and sadness of the fable and the age.

With "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," a farce by Alfred Savoir (Ritz Theater), we are back upon old familiar ground. Circumstances change the particular incidents, never the character and purport of these fables. Since the play of sex instincts is to furnish the entertainment, but since a respect for the established modes of life is to be observed, the playwright must arrange, by some means however preposterous, a *mariage blanc* in order that the allurements of the flesh may take place between people who have a legal right to such indulgence. To

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moralize upon this method would be, of course, to lend it a false importance. Yet its flagrant and odious hypocrisy is clear enough. The production gains whatever fleeting importance it may have from the personality and art of Miss Ina Claire. She is as dainty as porcelain yet as firm as steel. She has, within a limited sphere, observed human nature well and exactly. She has intelligence, humor, charm, and spontaneity.

The dramatization of "Blood and Sand" by Blasco Ibáñez (Empire Theater) turns that Zolaist arraignment of the arena into a sentimental tale of illicit passion gaudily tricked out, and furnishes the sexagenarian Otis Skinner an opportunity to persuade himself and his admirers that he is as agile and sonorous as ever. Far more civilized entertainment will be found in "The Silver Fox" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) which Mr. Cosmo Hamilton both Englished and Anglicized from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczog. An extremely vivid sense of psychological reality runs through the action. Nothing is effected except a change of husbands by a lady who combines frankness with delicacy and fundamental honesty with feminine guile. But the action uses motives and qualities that are really to be found in nature. The average play deals in emotional unicorns and phœnixes. Hence upon our stage such plays, slight and even a little trivial in themselves, have their distinct value as guides and sources of discipline. The acting of Violet Kemble Cooper, Lawrence Grossmith, and William Faversham sustains the intelligent tone and intention of the playwright.

The Irish players of the Abbey Theater present Lennox Robinson's "The White-Headed Boy" (Henry Miller's Theater). It is a dry, sharp comedy of manners and humors with an ending in which laughter cannot conceal, though it may gloss, the bitterness of the result. The Irish peasants and shopkeepers are projected in terms of a few acutely salient characteristics: greed, astuteness, inordinate family pride. A deeper emotional source is tapped in the mother's passionate ambition for her youngest. But this motive, too, is treated with a Molièrian coolness and prosaic reserve. The fact that the boy had no ability to live up to this ambition and was always aware of his ordinary character furnishes the inner irony of the fable. Its essential bitterness results from the circling of the action. Though Denis lays all pretension aside and though his mother is thus defeated, circumstances remain as they were and the daughters of the family continue to be the helpless and withering victims of pride and confusion. The acting is solid and racy. We cannot, however, agree with the general praise accorded to Miss Maire O'Neill. She acted on the plane of sentiment and farce. She broke with the play's deliberate acidity and moderation and so introduced into a comedy of the classical tradition the softer antics and exaggerations of a later technique and tone. The rest played more strictly within the author's atmosphere and intention. We are not likely to see more authentic comedy nor any played with greater energy or exactness.

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